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LINES TO THE LADY

FROM WHOM I BORROWED THE PLAY OF PHAEDO.
[WRITTEN ON RETURNING THE BOOK.]

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

All that sun should be to women,
In his friendship true,
All that Rolla was to Cora,
I would be to you,
For you have a noble nature,
Golden as Peru.

Don Alonzo married Cora,
Well her heart he knew;
But his friendship was for Rolla,
Faithful, leal and true—
Feelings he approved in Cora,
I discern in you.

In this strange, romantic story,
My devotion view—
Rolla gave his life for Cora
And Alonzo too—
So would I, with the same motive,
Peril mine for you.

Men their homage pay to women,
And with love's purse;
But long since my heart for ever
Bade to love adieu—
All I have on earth is friendship—
That I give to you.

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. ERNEST L. LANGDON.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOREST.

It was the crisis of the great American Revolution. It was the time when the two opposing causes had monetized their utmost strength, and were preparing for the final and the decisive struggle. The hand of war lay heavy upon all, and the land groaned under the accumulated ills of years of strife.

In addition to the great contending parties in this momentous strife, there were others, composed of the lowest and basest of mankind, who took advantage of the disturbed state of affairs to add to the general ills, and indiscriminately plunder their helpless countrymen. Under such fraudulent names as "Cow Boys" and "Skinners," they wandered in roving bands, enveloping the country in ruin and conflagration.

A large district in the neighborhood of New York was their favorite by these miscreants. Life became uncertain, property valueless, and a hostile army itself was not so much dreaded as they.

The sun was slowly setting on a sultry summer day in the year 1780, when a strange company came upon the scene, on the road that ran between New York and Philadelphia.

It was a very party of ladies, about thirty in number. They were all stalwart men, remarkable for stature and agility; their bodies were hideously painted, and covered with the gorgeous war gear that the savage loves. They passed quickly onward with a pace which was half running and half walking, and as they went they dragged with them a young white man, whose despairing fear and piteous cries showed that he was a prisoner.

All around were the primeval woods, deep, dark, and hid in no impenetrable shade, whose gloom deepened every moment with the gathering twilight. In the distance rose hills which were cloaked in their forest robes up to their very summits. The winding road was the only sign of human handiwork in all the scene.

Soon a light gleamed in the distance. With an exclamation of satisfaction the Indians quickened their pace. Passing rapidly down a long descent, they followed a turn in the road, and there, in an opening of the forest, they halted directly in front of an humbler hut.

Close beside the fire there stood two men of striking appearance.

One was dressed as an Indian chief. Tall, sinewy, and athletic, he seemed the born lord of a savage warrior. His face, however, presented a singular contradiction of expressions. His eye was as keen and quick as light, but it was full of intelligence; his features were Indian in their outline, yet they had all that mobility and expressiveness which is the result of civilization. His air, also, his gestures and manner of speaking, in his conquerors, were rather those of an Englishman than an Indian brave.

His companion was evidently an American, and he was dressed in common country clothing. His manner was that of one accustomed to command, his voice was imperious, his eye black and flashing.

Between those two men there was a certain marvellous resemblance. It was not so much in material outline of feature, as in that subtle spiritual likeness which nature stamps upon the faces of a family.

These two men were so absorbed in their own conversation that they did not notice the war party till they had come close to the fire, bringing their prisoner with them.

The American gave a careless glance at the new-comers, and then walked slowly away, his head bent on his bosom.

The chief advanced toward his men.

"Who is this?" he asked, in the Huron language.

"A messenger," said a tall warrior, roughly.

"Who sent him?"

"Washington."

"Where was he going to?"

"To his French brother with this message."

Saying this, the savage held out a package to his chief. The latter took it. He opened it with a calm and almost careless manner, and after glancing hastily through the contents, he walked over toward the American, and said, in perfectly good English:—

"There is not much that is new in this. You've seen them word already."

At these words the prisoner uttered a cry.

"Save me! save me! My God! you must be an Englishman!—

"Peace," shouted the chief. "If you want to live, you had better keep quiet."

"But surely—surely," cried the young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, "you will not leave me in the hands of these fiends? For mercy's sake, lessen these cords."

"Cords?" cried the chief, with a terrible emphasis. "You will soon learn another use for cords."

"It is not for myself that I care," said the poor boy, "but for my mother. She has only me—"

"Peace, I tell you."

"This despatch had nothing harmful in it," continued the prisoner. "You said just now that you had seen word before."

"It" shouted the chief, advancing close to the lad. "You heard that, did you? Then you have spoken your own doom!"

The American also started, and came toward the prisoner.

The latter was as pale as death at the chief's last words, but no moment had he seen the American than he gave a shout of joy.

"General Arnold!" he cried, in an ecstasy of delight.

It was now the American's turn to grow pale.

"What?" he cried, in a low voice.

"Oh, you are saved now. Do you not remember me? I marched with you to Canada—I was by your side on the plains of Abraham—and at Montreal—and in St. Johns. My glorious General! do you not remember the drummer-boy, Tom Poole? Do you not remember how I charged with you against Burgoyne?"

A tempest of conflicting emotions passed over Arnold's brow. As the boy passed, they were succeeded by a look of sternness.

"Boy," said he, "I have buried the past out of my mind—remember it not."

"What!" exclaimed the lad, as he recited under stern order. "Will you disown me, and leave me to the mercies of these fierce savages?"

"I am done with mercy" said Arnold, sternly; "I seek now only revenge."

"This is me," faltered the boy, "from you? Oh, my General!"

"Even so," said Arnold, sternly. "Friend is a word that I do not know. I cannot create any exceptions in my hate. Even my friends alone you must fall before long."

The lad looked long and earnestly in Arnold's face, but found there no ray of hope. His suspicions were followed by despair.

And now, in his despair, all boyish weakness vanished. Finding death inevitable, he summoned up all his fortitude to meet it like a hero.

"If you doom me," he said, "you doom your country! Remember that, General Arnold."

"Be it so"

"I am in the service of my country. If I die it will be for her, and my blood and my country will cry out for you."

"I will survive it," sneered Arnold.

"False traitor!" cried the boy, in a frenzy of indignation, "will you dare so betray the holy cause of Liberty at such a time as this?"

"Good," said Arnold, quietly. "I think I will leave you to finish this conversation. It is your affair." I don't control you. I have nothing to all to do with it. You will have to do just as you please."

"Oh, my country!" cried the boy. "Would that my death could compensate for this man's treason?"

"It would take a thousand lives like your's to do that."

"Would that I had a thousand lives," said the boy, "how gladly I would lay them down."

THE VICTIM OF THE TRIAD.

"Enough!" said the chief, whom Arnold had called Gondo; "warriors, assemble."

The Indians obeyed.

"Prisoner," said Gondo, as the Indians assembled in a ring around the boy, "you are in the hands of a tribunal devoted to the interests of his Majesty King George. We have no acquaintance for those whom we capture, and we only consider those for whom such sentence is appropriate. Our aim is to extinguish disloyalty, and quench rebellion."

"You are worthy subjects of King George," said the prisoner, scornfully, glancing at the savages; "he is partial to such as you."

"We are very useful to him."

"Yet the time will come when this effected host will be fully avenged," said the lad, with kindling eyes.

"There is revenge to be had all sweeter," said Gondo. "Who am I? Have I no revenges?" and his eyes blazed with intense hatre.

"You may take a few lives, but freedom will conquer at last. I am glad to give mine for my country. Merciless wretch, more merciless than these ignorant savages with whom you associate, as sure as there is a God in Heaven you will one day meet with a fit retribution."

Gondo gave a sinister smile.

"It is evident that he would never do to let you escape," said he; "you know too much. You might recognize us to our injury if we let you off."

"It would indeed be to your injury, wretch, I daily dare. I earn not how much you may torture me, and rest even if you burn me at the stake."

"You are quite mistaken, my son," said Gondo, with a sarcastic smile; "torture and burning are not necessary for us. We have merely extinguish life in the simplest manner."

While the chief was speaking, and even while the lad was preparing to answer, the end came. A huge savage stepped up behind the prisoner.

There was a sudden report, and the undaunted soul of the drummer-boy had joined the army of martyrs.

The report rang wildly and terribly through the forest, waking innumerable echoes, and flowing far away in long reverberations. As the last echo ceased, Arnold walked up to where the body lay.

For a few moments he regarded it in silence, with folded arms.

"Poor lad!" he murmured. "It was hard to condemn you, and refuse your prayers, but it would have been rain to save you. Yet I am not responsible. If I had not been here you would as certainly have perished."

He paused and looked around. "And this," he said pensively, "is the beginning. Where will it end? But away with such thoughts as these. There is no remedy for me. Rain presses me from behind. Revenge for all my wrongs before me from before. Onward—and let all who are in my path perish."

After further conversation with Gondo, Arnold prepared to depart. One by one the Indians went away, their many figures melting like shadows in the receding darkness, until at last all the scene was deserted, and nothing was left but the prostrate form of the dead, falsely illuminated by the last flickering rays of the expiring fire.

CHAPTER II.

GONDO.

A few hours afterwards the silliness was broken by the thunder of horsehoofs over the sandy road. Nearer it drew, and soon a band was shining brightly downward as the rider approached the opening in the forest. The smoke of the dying fire arrested his attention, and, reigning up his horse, he reported it directly.

At length he caught sight of the body of the youth. Uttering an exclamation, he turned his horse toward it.

Upon reaching the spot, he dismounted, and turned the fire round, so that the full rays of the moon were cast directly upon it. Intently had he done so than he uttered a cry.

"Tom Poole!" he cried; "poor, poor fellow. Have you come to this?"

He examined it then more closely. He distinguished the mortal wound, and felt that the heart had ceased to beat forever; and since the top of the head he found the trace of the resolute savage—the trace of the scalping knife.

But this was a peculiar mark, for it was cut off in the shape of a triangle, and the scalp was fastened on the breast—red dead.

"The Triad!" cried the new comer.

"Oh, assassins! Whosoever ye be, woe cowards, that strike in the dark. Would that I had a few resolute souls to follow me so that I might trace you out. I would find you then, even if it were in the very heart of the British camp."

"Too late!" he continued. "I can do nothing here, and time presses. I must away."

Hastily assuming his horse, he continued his journey at the same rapid pace.

He was a young man, with fine martial figure, and handsome, open-hearted face, with hair that clustered round his brow like the locks of Absalom. He was dressed in the uniform of captain in the Continental army, and was armed to encounter the dangers of the road.

His horse was a powerful animal, which kept on for a long time at one rapid rate of speed, until the dawn gradually woke over the eastern hills. By this time he drew near to a village.

There the wearied rider stopped and slept for a few hours. Rising again, he went out, and prepared to resume his journey. While then engaged, a man drew near, who stopped him brusquely on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Ketch Harry Temple! Why I thought you were at West Point."

"Ketch Temple, indeed," cried Temple, looking up and smilingly shaking hands. "How are you? Yes, I was at West Point, but I had to leave on important business."

"Whither?"

"To Philadelphia."

"Despatches?"

"Yes."

"And when did you come through?"

"Last night."

"Last night!—a perceptible shadow passed over Gondo's face—"how many were with you?"

"None."

"None? Did you come alone?"

"Yes."

"It was the boldest thing you ever did. I hear the Tories are out, all through the interior country."

"I believe they must be," said Temple sadly. "Glad you hear or see nothing of them," added Gondo, with unfeigned anxiety.

"Not a sight."

"Where?"

"At Jenkins's Opening, a lonely place too," said Temple, with a slight shudder. "I found there the dead body of an noble-hearted and patriot a fellow as ever breathed. Poor Tom Poole!"

"Tom Poole?" cried Gondo. "I have heard of him. He was a brave little fellow. And do you say that he was killed?"

"Foully killed."

"How?"

"By that assassin's band—the Triad."

"Impossible!"

"He was alone, and had been reconnoitering."

"What, scouting?"

"I feel as though he calls on me to avenge him. If I can obtain leave, I will take a band of resolute men and hunt out these villains, if I have to search through the whole country."

"And I will join you," cried Gondo, with a fierce burst of indignation. "Count on me, friend, my dear Temple."

"I will—I will. To tell the truth, I did think of you as the first man that I would ask."

"That's right. And if we could get enough men I would like nothing better than to hunt out every 'Cowboy' also, and hang every man of them up from the nearest tree."

"Ah, if the men could only be spared!"

"And why can they not?"

"Because every soldier is wanted. The army is concentrating, you know, so as to act with the French, in striking a decisive blow upon the British. But you know all this as well as I. Have you not got your orders?"

"Oh, yes."

"And when are you going?"

"I'm going to Philadelphia this morning," said Gondo.

"Are you," cried Temple, with delight. "Then we can go together."

"Yes, if you can wait three hours for me."

"Three hours!" and Temple's countenance fell. "My dear Gondo, I cannot wait three minutes."

"Are you in such a hurry?"

"Yes, I cannot wait another moment."

"And, unfortunately, I have much to do here before I go," said the other.

"Well, well, I'm very sorry; but we'll meet again soon," said Temple, who now mounted his horse. "Bidding his companion adieu, the young soldier put spurs to his horse and was off like a bolt.

Gondo watched him in silence for some time. His dark complexion, sharp and jet black eyes, and thin sallow nose, all blackened the soldier expression of his face. As he stood watching the rapidly departing figure, another joined him.

"The Continental uniform is more becoming than the dress of a Sachem," said the newcomer, with a quiet, but sarcastic smile. Gondo turned and saw Arnold.

"Were you go to West Point you will do well to get rid of that man," said he.

"I have been thinking so."

"He would be very apt to interfere in any plans."

"I must see to it."

"What time will you start for Philadelphia?"

"Immediately."

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF.

In a chamber in Philadelphia there was at that time an illustrious company. Here Harry Temple had gone immediately upon his arrival, and here he now communicated what he had to tell.

"This Triad gang," said General Knox, blushly, "seems to be worse than any of them. There is an air of boldness in their system of marking their victims which is maddening to think of. They cannot be Indians, or they would carry the scalp away; and yet I can scarcely think they are white men. Any white men could be found who would thus MIRE themselves savages?"

"Oh," continued De La Lenerne, the French envoy, "it is no worse to kill a man than to scalp him?"

"But to scalp their victims adds to the atrocity of the crime," cried Knox.

"My friends," said Lafayette, "it is a painful fact, not only that civil war is more bitter than all other wars, but that the civilized man far surpasses the savage in excess of cruelty when he gives himself up to its promptings. In this war our enemies stop at nothing; and not content with hiring savages to fight for them, they rival the savages themselves in cruelty."

"Oh, for the hour when we shall close with the foe, myself," cried Knox.

"It is not far distant," said Lafayette.

"Our convinced forces will be irresistible."

"And all the more so since they fight the battle of glorious Freedom."

"We have had some glorious triumphs; but the greatest of them all is yet to come."

"Yes; in our present state, when we meet the enemy, victory is very certain."

"But, I confess, I would give more for the annihilation of these pests of assassins than for a victory over the entire British army."

"Your wishes are the greater then, and then we can accomplish the less."

"I hope our glorious Arnold will have his part to perform," said De La Lenerne, who had a deep admiration for that general.

"His fiery soul, and impetuous character, unfortunately made him many enemies; but in battle he is a host."

"Yes; in battle," cried Lazarne, "he is a Bayard—sans peur, et sans reproche."

"His troubles have been bad for the common cause."

"And they have grossly embittered his own soul."

Meanwhile the leader of them all sat quietly in his chamber, absorbed in thought. No one ever impressed others with such deep feelings of awe and reverence as Washington, and he was to him with involuntary confession of his superiority. His calm and comprehensive spirit seemed to dwell upon a plane above the reach of all others. His vision seemed to take in at once upon a wider field of view than could be grasped by others. This large capacity into men and things gave him knowledge of all the difficulties before him, but also showed him the distant result.

Secrets, gentlemen, which should only be known to a very few of us, are already quite familiar to the Henry Gondo. It would not be so bad were these gained from despatches that the enemy may choose to take. But there are certain things which have never been committed to despatches, or writing of any kind, and these have been in some way communicated to him. Trailors must be around us, and spies in our midst, when we do not dream of. And yet who the traitor is, baffles my comprehension; I only know that the thing must be. Time only can tell us more. Meanwhile we will have to be more than ever on the watch."

At this intelligence a deep silence fell upon all.

Washington resumed in a kind of half soliloquy:

"The easiest part of this war is that which we

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wage against the British; the most difficult and dangerous that which is carried on among ourselves. To need it battle, to guide armies, to attack, or to defend, all this is easy and inspiring. The real grows strong with what we undertake. But to battle with prejudice, jealousy, envy, and discouragements of every kind, to find spring instead of soil, and sullen discontent instead of earnest support—to be checked, thwarted, misrepresented, in every way, and to see one new difficulty rise up in the place of every one that has been removed—this, my friends, is a hard and a terrible fight."

"Yet," said Lafayette, whose generous and sympathetic nature entered instinctively into all the difficulties of his great associate—"yet—and it is a struggle that gives no fame. If we are successful we are despised, and if we conquer then we gain no glory, for this kind of enemy is not visible to the general world."

"Concerning these secret, gentlemen," pursued Washington, "which have been divulged to the enemy, I have been forced to one conclusion, and it is rather a fearful one. Each branch of this treasonable correspondence may seem to be isolated, and unimportant. But I am sorry to say that it is not so. They seem to be the scattered outworks of one great and comprehensive plot. That plot has not yet been completed, although it is rapidly developing itself. That may be the most serious part of each of this I cannot tell, but I have already imagined the result, if it is successfully carried out."

"What, what?" cried all breathlessly.

"Ruin," said Washington, with impressive tones. "Deep, and utter, and lasting ruin to us and our hopes!"

The company cried one another in dismay. Such language as that had never been used by the wise and cautious Washington before. It was with fearful weight into their hearts. It was all the worse when he finally confessed that he could not even imagine who the traitor was, or what was the extent of all these minor treacheries.

"I have tried to discover messengers but in vain. I have wondered whether this new gout that can itself use 'Tom' may not be one concerned in it. But who knows anything about an Tom?"

"No one," said Knox, "no one. Every one who has seen him has only seen a mere name or mark on his scalp."

"It will never do to let this thing go on in this way," said Lafayette. "If this band is so dangerous, exterminate it."

At this Harry Temple started.

"This song unites the cruelty of the savage," said Washington, "with the skill and craft of the man. Do you not see, gentlemen, how they are already effecting the minds of the people? The leader of this gang has evidently heard of the ancient '*Vibonegarish*'."

"The *Vibonegarish*?" cried Lafayette. "So it is! It is striking again on a chord in the soul of America."

"Small one, but who knows where it may end.

"Their leader evidently understands the minds of men. Mystery, and cruelty, and darkness, can always excite the fear of the multitude."

By this time Harry Temple had caught the eye of Washington, who saw that he wished to speak, and kindly encouraged him.

"If one could but suggest," said Harry in modest but eager tones, "I would like to lead a company to find out these miscreants—I know some bold spirits that would undertake the task, and I think we could learn something of them."

The company listened approvingly—Washington alone did not seem to assent.

"If one could but, I say, learn more numerous I would let you go at once on this duty. But they are few, and always disguised. We want a large coming conflict."

Harry Temple understood the General's meaning and bowed.

"Perhaps, however," said Washington, "after this present movement is made we may have some time to devote to these things, and then the commission shall be yours."

Harry Temple was overwhelmed with delight at the appreciation of his abilities, though disappointed at not being able to use them immediately. Other thoughts, however, soon took possession of his mind.

In a little while he took his departure and went out into the streets. With lightness of step and quick step he paced along.

"I wonder how she will receive me," said he. And with the thought he instantly turned the door of a fine mansion, in the upper part of the city, in "Is Mrs. Wells at home?"

"Yes," replied the servant, and the young officer entered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOVERS.

After waiting for a few moments in the principal room the door opened, and Mrs. Wells entered. Her graceful figure and lovely face mingled and have excited his young man's admiration, and won his love. As she greeted him, her face showed a slight confusion, which seemed made her all the more charming.

She could not have been over seventeen, and she had a fresh, fair manner, and a girlish laugh that was fascinating in the extreme.

"Is your father at home now?" asked Temple.

"Yes, he is in the city; but he is not in the house," said she, with a slight blush. "I am sure he would not be sitting so quietly in this room."

"But he not relieved himself of?"

"No; not at all. But, indeed, I do not think that he gives a thought to anything now. His mind is all engrossed in business."

"Is he political feelings, I suppose, are as strong as ever?"

"Yes, quite as strong," and the young girl's face became filled with anxiety. "I do not know which becomes of us in this war. I wish that he does not dare to open his lips now; but I'm afraid he will say too much."

"Oh, if he remains quiet he will not get into trouble," said Temple cheerily; and then to remove the anxiety which his fair companion showed, he resolved to change the course of his journey. She listened with breathless attention.

"Who is this Gondo?" she asked at length.

"Do you not know him?"

"Oh, yes; I have seen him here. But who or what is he? His swarthy face makes him look like an Arab, but his accent and manner are English. Besides, he is well educated, and well informed. He would be an agreeable companion if he were not so terrible."

"His complexion is rather dark, I confess. I don't know what country he can belong to."

"I think he is an Arab."

"But his whole manner is English."

"Is he afraid of yours?" she asked.

"Yes," said Temple, "though we are not deadly foes either. He is a pleasant companion, and we have often met."

"Do you think he is a man to be trusted?"

"Why—as much as people generally are," said Temple, with a smile. "But if you dislike him I will avoid him."

"Oh!" said the other, with a little confusion, "do not be influenced by me."

"But how can I help it?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"Do you not Clara?" said the young man, in a deep tone of voice, drawing his chair nearer to her.

But Clara did not seem to invite any confidences. Indeed, she seemed to dread them. She looked around in a kind of dismay.

"Clara," again said Temple, in deep emotion. Her eyes met his for one moment—his, earnest, adoring—they filled in all their dark depth with a strange expression, as though affection struggled with some timidity. It was but for an instant, however. The next moment she made a desperate effort to change the course of conversation.

"Do you think Gondo be?" she said, slowly, looking downward as she spoke.

But Temple could not now be diverted from his aim. His courage was roused. He had called her by her own name, which he so dearly loved. He must now tell her all.

"Will you listen to me for one moment," he said, in tones of passionate entreaty.

Clara again caught his eye, and her face flamed into confusion.

At length she started abruptly from her chair.

"There! there! I've burned!" she cried, in a half distracted manner.

"Why! what?"

"My fabric! Oh, I am so afraid."

She leaned against the window, and looked up at the street.

"There is nothing there," said Temple, with some vexation.

"But my father has already been pursued in his house by a fruste mob, and now I live in hourly fear of his life."

"It is quiet now," cried Temple, in surprise.

"Yes. They have threatened to turn the house down if it is found that communication with the British."

"But he wouldn't do that, would he?" asked Temple.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," said Clara, "he has some secret employment."

"Secret employment?" cried Temple, in an involuntary burst of wrath.

"Harry!" said Clara. "And do you, too, threaten?" She started back from him.

"Threaten? Ah, no; forgive me. You misunderstood me. I only thought of the dangers to which he exposed himself."

But Clara looked coldly upon him:

"Forgive me for this once," she said, with calm and resolute tone, "a shared by me. I am accompanied in every danger. If he is attacked, I also will be attacked; and if I am not brave enough to fight, I can yet suffer enough to die."

Temple turned pale; he felt as though a wide gulf were opening between him and Clara.

"Call him a Tory, and a traitor," she said, passionately, "if he be a traitor, then I will be his faithful daughter through every ill."

"Oh, Clara, I beseech you do not speak to me in such a tone. You misjudge me. I love you. I have offended you. Clara, I would give my life for your love."

"You have no reason to love him," she said, "if you love him," said Clara.

"Then why do you talk about dying for him?" said Clara.

"It would be for *you*—for *you*!" cried Temple, with kindling eyes. "You are unkind to me with emotion. "I love you—I adore you! Will you not accept my love? Will you not let me give me some hope—you cannot be so cruel as to turn me away forever! Speak, Clara, speak to me!"

The young man paused, and, seizing her hand, he looked earnestly and imploringly at her. Clara's pale cheek bath the ardor of his glance. She looked troubled and frightened. She gently withdrew her hand.

"Will you not give me one ray of hope?" asked Temple, while an imploring voice—one can scarcely—

"Oh!" cried Clara, at last, bursting into tears, "if you do love me as you say you do—if this is no trifling—you now I do so—"

But at this moment the door was flung open, and her mother entered. She, too, looked pale and breathless. He started back as he saw Temple.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Clara, and flew up to him. "Oh! I am so glad. I have been frightened so. Why have you returned so soon? Are you pursued?"

Mr. Wells entered Wells, looking haughtily at Temple, "have you forgotten what I told you when you were last here?"

"No, sir, I have not," said Wells.

"You seem to have forgotten," said Wells. "So, in order to freshen your memory, I will tell you again. You are not wanted here, sir! You are a bow-bow, ill-bred Rebel! Are you hear that? And if words cannot keep you from my house, I will use blows to do it. Then was what I told you when you were here last?" cried Wells, in a furious rage, "and now what I tell you now?"

"Sir," said Temple, "were you my own size than the father of Clara, you would answer with your life for such insolence."

"The father of her whom you so familiarly call Clara," said Wells, "has already answered to you for your distinguished consideration. Perhaps you will be equally courteous to learn truth on excuses for pocketing an insult."

Temple looked as pale as death.

"It is not enough, sir," continued Wells, "that my life is made a target for the shots of rebel outside? It is not enough that I cannot walk the streets in peace? Must you, too, come to invade the privacy of my own house, to set the law—to plot against—to—to—Oh! by the name of Heaven," cried Wells, lashing himself to fury, "you are going! I will not have you here! Leave or you will bring a mob here to sack the house. What will you take to go peaceably? Will a hundred pounds satisfy you?"

Temple uttered a terrible oath. At this pointed scene Clara had clung to her father in distress and dropping look. The deadly insult which Temple had received had banished from him the last vestige of consideration for Wells.

"Monster!" he cried, "I will not talk with about spying and treason—and to me! Thank God, my name is unstained. Would you dare to call you throw at me fall back upon yourself."

He turned away, and during the pause, ere for a fiery passion raged through every vein, and that Clara could not prevent, he would have heard out his insult with blood. Slowly, with rigid limbs and livid face, he passed out of the house.

CHAPTER V.

LYNCH LAW.

Disturbed by a thousand contending feelings, the young officer walked quickly into the country, and sought to soothe his ruffled spirits by vigorous and rapid exercise. But the insults of Wells had cut him to the very soul, and could not easily forget.

In vain he thought of different excuses for the old man's violence, and finally, not finding one. No amount of persecution or scorn that Wells had received at the hands of others could at all excuse his infamous behavior to him.

At last he tried to think of Clara. But here he found little comfort. Only so few days. How could he tell. He had evaded his addresses, she had sought to escape his confession, and her last broken words before the interruption of their interview seemed to prohibit further attention. Should he take her at her word? Should he give her up?

Ah! what would he not give to avenge his wrongs, and wipe out his dishonor in the blood of Wells.

But Clara's look—so full of affection—look whose timid meaning was unmistakable, bound him still to her. In vain he tried to give her up. Her face was before him always; and in the thronging faction that came before him, she still was the one, her eyes, her tone, her love.

He had walked out, and was rapidly returning by the same road. As he came back, there rose from afar a strange and portentous sound.

The road ran directly by the house of Wells; a awful thought came to his mind. Unable to endure his suspense, he started off on a full run, and soon reached a turn in the road, where all the house would be discovered.

In the few hours that had elapsed since the arrival of Harry Temple, the story of the horrible murder of poor Tom Poole had been spread throughout the whole city in a thousand different censories. From mouth to mouth the story passed, gaining new horrors, until at last the whole city had thrilled to one feeling of intense fury.

Wells had heard the story and had returned rapidly home. He had heard that it was Temple who brought the news, and felt that the effect of the terrible story would be disastrous to him, hence his unusual rage when he saw Temple in his house.

His fears had not been without foundation. He had not gone far when the entire portions of the British cause in the city, and were surrounded under the suspicion of the rulers. Now when the news of the fate of Tom Poole reached the ears which they had wrought, had spread abroad, the fury of the people was at once turned in this direction, and every hand pointed at once at Wells.

The people learned like a flame of fire from man to man, increasing in fury as it spread, until the whole city was in commotion, and the house surrounded without a visible.

At last the fury of the mob moved to Wells's house, reaching the air with shouts, groans, imprecations, and terrible threats.

And, indeed, there was some excuse. Treason is terrible, though, in despair and misery, the good was freely lavished. It was the crisis of an hour, and the people were now surrounded by fortunes and lives, and all the welfare of coming years. Against such danger, what could be too severe for the miscreant who, in such a state of affairs, could be a traitor to his country. To that day a traitor was the blackest of criminals, and his punishment was quick, and sharp, and terrible.

As Harry Temple turned in the road and looked back, a wild scene met his eyes that horrified him.

The enormous crowd was around the house, swaying, surging, shouting. Volleys of stones rattled upon the windows, and against the walls.

"Death to the traitor!"

"Down with the Tory!"

"Fire the house!"

"Down with the traitor!"

"Ride him on a rail!"

"Tar him and feather him!" and cries, embodying every vindictive feeling of the crowd, rose terrific in the air.

With burning heart and unutterable agony, Harry Temple looked upon the scene, and for a time his way through the crowd. Fifty frenzied men were ready to tear him to pieces who dared open the door, just as he reached the spot.

"It is Harry Temple, he is an agent," "They're lost!"

A wild and high roar shook the streets of the mob—"Kill!" "Kill!" "Fire!" "Burn the house!" "Vengeance for Poole!" "Death to the traitor!"

Temple struck right and left. Curses of blood, and threats of vengeance, were heard and gain the door. But there was a living wall between him and his foes.

In vain he shouted. Waving his sword in the air, he tried to force his way forward, but was ordered them to open a way. He might as well have tried to force his way through a wall.

Suddenly a piercing shriek burst upon his ear. "Father! father!" and Clara rushed wildly up to him. "Oh! I am so glad. I have been frightened so. Why have you returned so soon? Are you pursued?"

Mr. Wells looking haughtily at Temple, "have you forgotten what I told you when you were last here?"

"No, sir, I have not," said Wells.

"You seem to have," said Wells. "So, in order to freshen your memory, I will tell you again. You are not wanted here, sir! You are a bow-bow, ill-bred Rebel! Are you hear that? And if words cannot keep you from my house, I will use blows to do it. Then was what I told you when you were here last?" cried Wells, in a furious rage, "and now what I tell you now?"

"Sir," said Temple, "were you my own size than the father of Clara, you would answer with your life for such insolence."

"The father of her whom you so familiarly call Clara," said Wells, "has already answered to you for your distinguished consideration. Perhaps you will be equally courteous to learn truth on excuses for pocketing an insult."

Temple looked as pale as death.

"It is not enough, sir," continued Wells, "that my life is made a target for the shots of rebel outside? It is not enough that I cannot walk the streets in peace? Must you, too, come to invade the privacy of my own house, to set the law—to plot against—to—to—Oh! by the name of Heaven," cried Wells, lashing himself to fury, "you are going! I will not have you here! Leave or you will bring a mob here to sack the house. What will you take to go peaceably? Will a hundred pounds satisfy you?"

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But Clara's look—so full of affection—look

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Yonder goes the village doctor in his gig. Very monotonous and indigenous is his life. He looks worn, and his flesh has in spare an expression starved and keen, and just a little hard. His skin is reddened by constant exposure to the weather; his hat is seedy, his linen rag shabby, and carelessly worn like that of a man used to dressing himself in the dark.

At first sight, you say the man is not proper, not socially acceptable, and his rusty appearance brushes manners shock your taste. But he has a pleasant smile, a mellow laugh, and these subtle sympathies and a keen appreciation of the humorous side of human nature. There is something genuine and earnest about him, too, though you may sometimes miss the cunning gloss.

You would not believe there was an undercurrent of romance in the heart of this hard-working, fifty-paid, thankless-dreary country doctor. And yet there is, and it was that I might tell the story but I called your attention to him just now, as he rode down the village street, and rusted into John Templeton's cottage to look after that poor, sickly girl of John's, when he was going to set up again, and said, very, checked, to school next summer.

The doctor does not look much like a gay young bridegroom, I grant you, and yet his romance is scarcely over. He was married last month to his "first, last, and only love," as he himself says, and the bride's mother was a bridal tour, and then rushed back to his patients. I dare say he is installed in company with them all day, as much as ever; but then, when the red sun begins to glint its golden rays into their windows, as the early gloom of Autumn evenings gathers, there comes a thought of home and the joys that await him there that warms up his heart, and makes him on the way home as almost bodily exposure. He has waited long enough, he thought and he longs for his hour, and let him enjoy it now, and all loving and kindly sympathies in it.

Dr. Lyle Callender was the son of poor parents, a smart, quick, restless boy, all smiles his easy, and his mother's pride. He was a studious person. People wondered where he got his smartness, for his father, Callender, senior, was "shiftless," loved to lounge on the tavern stoop, and talk politics, and forget to never "professions." But he had any other but habit except his inserts; and his mother was dead. And while he gossiped and visited at the tavern, Mrs. Callender drank, and her son learned to study and to be the neighbors' house. There was a large family of children, and John, who was the eldest, among the younger ones, sewed wood, made fires, worked in the garden, and did the chores for them, and, besides these multifarious employments, he found time to "do errand" of any kind that offered for others, and then pick up a little money for himself. He began to be very fond of books, and he used to spend in books.

By the time he had reached his eighteenth year, John Callender, by dint of improving his few opportunities at the district school, by diligent study in every rare moment of leisure with books as he could buy or borrow; and treasure, had laid by enough to pass him through college, every item of knowledge his greedy mind could absorb, was something of a scholar. He knew, as say rate, more than half the boys of his age that he was sent to school with, though he had been educated by no "system of education," and had been "shiftless" enough to very crude and fragmentary. And what was the good of knowledge to him? He had no money in his cramped out, knew exactly what he wanted and intended to do, though, it must be confessed, the "how" and "when" were not quite so apparent. He would have to work hard, and nothing is impossible to a strong will and a determined purpose, and those who will help themselves are never without friends and aid.

"Well, John," said Squire Melcombe, one evening, in his cheery voice, as John came in the library door, "what can I do for you to-night?" Library and borrow another. "Well, my boy, what is all this reading and sculping going to amount to? Want to be a lawyer, eh?"

"No, sir," John answered, stoutly.

"Not a lawyer, eh? Well, what you could be anything better, eh?"

"Sir," trembled on John's tongue, but he answered, "I think a man can hardly be good anything he does not heartily like, and I should not like to be a lawyer."

"Why not, my boy?" said the Squire put on his spectacles and fixed upon the young cutting face. "Why not, eh? You was to work, to found on unwilling witness, repeating and dwelling on the words. "Not—like—to—be—a—lawyer. Want then, I should like to know? What profession, trade, or occupation would meet the approval of the heir apparent of the Cricketers?"

"I wish to be a doctor, sir," answered John, somewhat dismayed by look or sneer, "and that is the reason why I do not like to be a lawyer."

"A doctor, eh? A peddler of pills, a compounder of boluses. Ah, that's just what I could not, but I didn't believe it. Come, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You write a fair hand and cipher correctly. Come into my office, eh? This is all I get for befriending poor boys. Go, I say, and never let me see your face again."

John went quietly, though his heart was swelling with mingled grief and indignation. He was grieved and disappointed, but, naturally kindly old man. He felt that he had lost a friend, and this loss, severe always, was doubly so to a boy who had not as yet made friends sadly he lingered in the pleasant garden, where he had so often smoked, where he had read in his favorite books, and enjoyed them in the company of the Squire and his daughter Ellen.

"John," said a soft voice at his elbow, "John," and a little hand was laid lightly on the sleeve of his rough jacket. "Don't mind what father says, John, he is very much vexed, and in the morning he will be sorry and most likely ask you and do something very generous to make friends again. Don't cry, John."

"I am not crying, Miss Ellen," said the boy; only girls and women cry when they are troubled."

"Well, come in the morning, will you not? I want those pinks transferred to the front garden, and the flowering bean is to be trained over the arbor. And, John, I have such a beautiful book, full of pictures of animals, I wish to show you."

"I'd like to come, Miss Susan—"

"Miss Susan!"

"Yes. Your father has taught me the difference between your station and mine to-night. He has turned me from his house, and much as I should like to help you, and to see your book, I cannot come back."

"Oh, John!"

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A GENTLEMAN was once praising the personal charms of a very homely woman before Mr. Foote, the comedian, who whispered to him: "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What, right have I to *matrimony*, as the *first discovery*."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WORDS FOR PARTING.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

O, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,
Will lie so far asunder?
O, what shall I do, dear,
Through all those sad to-morrows,
When the tender smile has ceased to cheer,
Which smiles awake my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its anger need will send,
Through the years to find you severe.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,
Will you love me with a love less true,
Who are little to lavish?

A nobler, sweeter thing,
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul, I must own you,
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to Ille's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
Mine to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
While His love watches o'er us.
A little while is sure
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the best you love in yours,
On the shore of the Hereafter.

MARK WILTON'S INCENTIVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Morry with Clara Preston?" cried Mr. Jo-thian Wilton, with extended eyes and astonished look generally.

"Yes, sir," replied his son. "I wish to make Clara Preston my wife."

"Why, Mark Wilton, you are crazy. Just look at yourself as you are. Take a careful look, if you please: Here you are, twenty-three-and-twenty years of age, and the only child I have living. Look at the money I have expended upon your education. Thousands of dollars, sir—thousands of dollars. And see what effects I have made to give you an independent start in the world. Your legal education has been received under the best of masters; you have been admitted to the bar under the most flattering auspices, and Mr. Lathrop says that you have the stuff in you to make one of the best lawyers in the State. And, sir, you know that your father has the wealth with which to back you up. I could place half a million of dollars to your credit this very day if I were so minded. But, sir, what do you imagine will become of you if you take your first important step in life thus? I will sketch a with for you, sir!"

"But, my father, I have pledged my faith to Clara Preston, and I cannot break it. She is all that I could be a wife. She is true and virtuous, amiable and intelligent, and, moreover, she loves me devotedly."

"Loves your father's money, you mean," interrupted the old man, with a curl of the lip.

Mark Wilton started up from his chair, and the quick flush of his face told how deeply he felt the cut. But he was in the presence of his aged father, and he controlled himself as well as he could.

"Don't provoke me," he said, with his lips drawn closely.

"Holy laity! Provoke, indeed! You should have thought of that before you approached me with such a scheme as this in your mad brain. I tell you, sir, I will think a with for you yourself."

"There is no need, sir," stonily persisted the youth, "for I have found one already. And now, sir, will you tell me why you object to Clara Preston?"

"Simply because she is not what society judges should be your mate. She is a nobody! Who are her parents?"

"She has none."

"Aye—she has none. And when she did have them, I warrant you they were of the poorest class. But I don't want to argue the matter, for my mind is made up. To the husband of Clara Preston I will never give one penny of my property. Do you understand me, sir?"

Mark Wilton arose, and walked across the room. He had a light, graceful figure, with a bearing of peculiar comeliness, and, when occasion called, he could be very manly. His face was rather pale, and the delicately cut features betrayed intellect enough for any degree ment of native life. If he had a lack, it was in vital energy and physical force; but this was nothing in his way if he had incentive enough to overcome it, for overcome it he could. As he finally stood before his father, with his arms folded upon his breast, the proud look of his soul was in action. He told his parent that he should marry with the advice of his choice.

The old man's answer was short and firm.

There was further argument—further questioning and answering—but it was simply a change of language—no change of intent.

"You know my decision," said Jothan Wilton. And those who knew that old man could not have framed him. He was to be pressed, but firm, too self-willed to relent.

"And," replied Mark, slowly and solemnly, "you have mine. I shall make Clara Preston my wife, if I live. And I tell you now, that I will not barter away my soul for money. You understand me."

"I understand what you say."

"And I will say just what I mean."

"Then I understand you fully, Ass. Mr. Mark Wilton, I would be sorry to have you understand me. If you marry that girl, look to your father's back account as naught. Not another penny—not another penny!"

Mark Wilton had anticipated something of this sort, and yet, when he was once more alone, and realized the full force of his position, he was for a while overwhelmed with anxious thought. Then for life he had never known what it was to depend upon himself. His father's immense wealth had been the source of all his hopes, and the future was dark and form from the golden store.

Awhile was to push in trouble, but gradually he rose above the shock, and his pride came to his aid: for he had pride, and it was independ spirit, and now that there qualities had been so fondly called upon, they started up strong and sure. He folded his hands together, and, with his head erect and his lips firmly compressed, he swore that he would be his own master.

Clara Preston was as beautiful as the artist's ideal, and those who knew her loved her for her genuineness of goodness. She was an orphan, and had for two or three years supported herself by teaching music. Not a breath was there against her character—not a breath could there be, for she was one of those pure, spiritual beings who seem to make bright and holy the very atmosphere about them.

In the evening Mark Wilton came, and told Clara the result of his interview with his father. She listened to him attentively, and when he had concluded, she reached forth her hand and rested it in his.

"Mark," she said, gazing earnestly into his face, "I have been fearful of this, and I tell you freely that I have no word of fault to find with your father. It would be hard for me to give you up, but it would be harder still for me to see you suffer on my account. As matters now stand, you would sever the bonds between us, I shall be convinced that I will never blame you while I live."

"Clara" cried the young man, vehemently, "you don't know he. Give you up!—I'd sooner give up my life. By Saint Ian my answer. I can give up his wealth; but I cannot give up love. I never had. Mark's sense, he desires me, no blood shall come between me and me. Your hand is taken, and henceforth I am my own master, subject to only such bonds as love and duty to thee shall impose."

The maiden regarded her lover with moist eyes in silence. She saw how proud and determined he looked; how bold and dauntless was the light that flashed in his dark eyes; how loyally and unflinchingly he turned his soul to positions towards herself; and she felt that she did no wrong in sustaining him.

"Mark Wilton," she said, giving him both her hands, "still you have faith and trust me that if you can give up so much for me, if you can now, in the midst of manhood, turn from the hopes of other years, and link your fate with mine, I will love and cherish you to the end. You shall not be poorer, nor will you sell my power of heart and soul will I serve you.

"Before Heaven, I am content!" responded the young man, as he sprang to his feet, and pressed upon all his energies for the battle of the life before him. He threw the fire once upon his bosom, and, as he held her there, he resolved that he would live to show to his father and to the world, that he could sustain himself as become the husband of Clara Preston.

The day was finally set for their marriage.

"We cannot be married, Clara, my sister," said Mark.

"Why, dear?" returned Clara, "I had supposed that; and I have planned that we will be married at the house where I am living. Would that be displeasing you to have it thus?"

"No, it is entirely unexceptional, and the arrangements were made accordingly.

The evening came, and Mark was ushered into the parlor where Clara was waiting. Her bridal cell Mr. Sampson. This Mr. Sampson was an old gentleman of the Methodist persuasion, quaintly dressed; his hair and beard, white as the driven snow, and his face beaming with the approach of ruster or shoon. He received Mark with kindness, and bade him sit down, for he was still I love him as a father. And you will love him as a father, when you come to know him."

There was much wonderment in society when it became known that Mark Wilton had taken the retired banker, and disinherited his son; and many censorious things were said by some of the while. Some said that old Jothan had done right; others said that he should be ashamed of wrong, though they could not fully exonerate Mark from blame. Some pitied the young man; Clara, elded with the youthful couple, and declared that Jothan as a monster to treat his son worse. The more sober and rational conclusion was that Jothan had been deceived, and his long and useful career—were at a loss how to understand the matter. As first they were unwilling to believe that he would actually be such a thing as disinherit his only child. It did not seem natural. "Even if he disowns his children," they said, "Mark is the only one left to inherit, and it cannot be that he will cut him off." But, finally, when they found that it was really true, they began to look upon Mark that Jothan Wilton was deranged.

But the young man was content with Mark Wilton? Like a new being he stepped out from the old shell of his former life, and began to work for himself. He remembered his solemn vow, and he resolved that he would keep it. He had said that he would show to the world, and he had resolved that he would show himself, and he meant to do it. And then in his manly breast, he felt that he could do it. Every word and deed, and by every look and thought, did Clara seek to sustain and encourage him.

For the first six months Mark made but little progress. He was not idle, he was not unhopeful, and faithful not. He was punctual at his office, industrious, and he became well acquainted with him with prompt faithfulness, and devoting all his leisure moments to study. In all this he met at home he studied; and the border he found in Clara a true friend and wife. But the pride—his Pause was leading him on—Pride, the slaughter of souls, was still unsubdued. No man, and he meant to do it. And then in his manly breast, he felt that he could do it. Every word and deed, and by every look and thought, did Clara seek to sustain and encourage him.

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At the expiration of six months he was engaged in the office of Mr. Lathrop, and his attempts in removing a building belonging to the estate of Jothan Wilton proved himself equal to the emergency, and gained a credit by his client.

Mark had now gained the first round of the ladder, and he kept his gaze fixed eagerly upon the next. Mr. Lathrop was a wealthy man, and in the conducting of which he displayed such skill and ability as to win the full confidence of the court.

Thus it became known that Mark Wilton was a rising man he had business enough, but he would not be satisfied with that. He was hungered. It was soon known in the courts that he was a man to be trusted, and, as his character as it was discovered, as he did more business, this he was punctual, faithful and honorable.

It was an enviable reputation for a young lawyer; but he had worked hard to gain it. Aye—he had worked without ceasing. He was, and in his office, over his books, and over his thoughts, he had been busy with an eye to the one idea of his life. Step by step he worked his way up, feeling, at every advance, that he was coming nearer to the station from which he could demand of his father such recognition as one man is bound to give to another, who meets in it is honor. Ah, that was the high goal of his pride—to reach a station in life equal to the one his father had reached before him. O, how proud would he be when he had gained it!

But, when he had gained it, what would he do? How would he meet his father?—how present the crown he had conquered? He could not tell. He would wait until the time came.

And did he see his father during these years of struggle? Yes, he saw him occasionally. They met sometimes on the street, and sometimes in the courts. They bowed and made the bare compliments of recognition, but nothing more.

And how was it in Mark Wilton's home? Go ask the angels of Peace and of Love, for there were the bright spirits that guarded the rock. Clara prayed for and never had. Mark never forgotten the siege he had taken—never. And yet, sometimes, when the memories of childhood came back to him, he knew that his path in pursuing after a parent's love. And in those moments he would ask if he was right, and to bless him. But he suffered not. His will ruled all his thoughts, and he ministered to all his needs; and when she saw that the old recollections were coming, she would cheer her lover about his neck, and whispered to him of the bright promises of the future.

Five years had passed—five years of up-hill work, and yet he was rich in many respects with reward, that toil and born. It had been five years of struggle, and the day has hill he worked his way.

On the fifteenth of March, 18—, the large court-room was packed in every part; and, all over the country, where the newspapers were read, the interest was deep, for the case was the result of that day's trial. It was an action of ejectment, and the plaintiff was Jothan Wilton, and Mark Wilton was for the defence. During the five years that had passed since the events of three days Wilton fairly outdid his own hopes and expectations. He rose to the highest station in the court-room, and that his father's friends were watching him, and that great interests hung upon his efforts, he was conscious. And his home was one where prayers were going up continually for the blessing of success to come. He felt that this was a round far up the ladder, and he knew that his father was in the court-room at the work. Nine it be there his whole soul was in the case, and he was ready to reflect the rights of his clients; so powerfully and so clearly was the right and justice of his cause set forth, that he opened up the merits of the case, and so completely overwhelmed those of the opposition, that he carried all disinterested hearts with him. He gained his case—gained it completely, and the old man who had vainly gained it by such powers of his own as few lawyers ever possess, was overcome.

As Mark Wilton turned to leave the courtroom, after he had received the congratulations of the bench and the bar, he saw his father away and close to him. He knew that Jothan was weeping. For an instant—but for an instant only—he felt a wish to speak to him, something over that weeping parent; but a better feeling prevailed, and he left the hall. For a great hour, he felt that it would be a crowning joy to have his father's hand in his own, and to receive his blessing.

That evening, as Mark Wilton sat with his wife, his client, who had come to congratulate him, having taken his leave, and the servant having been put to bed, the door-bell was rung, and Jothan Wilton was shown into the parlor by the porter. Mark had not seen the old man to converse with him for a long time. He knew that his father had begun to serve as master in his house, and that he had spent much time with Mr. Sampson, and he knew that he had no opportunity to share his sorrows; but, however, he was glad to see him, and his welcome was warm and free.

"I have come to congratulate myself upon the events of the great trial; and soon more Clara, I am glad to see you looking so well and happy."

"My son," said the old man, "you are at the top of the ladder; but your work is not done. Your fame is not established. Your name is a high, broad mountain of honor and fame before you. To the attainment of such goals as that will surely carry its follower to the summit. It is the pale of emulations. I would have striven to follow him in such a career, but feebleness of my heart."

"Nay, my honored sire, my good sir," replied Mark; "and your hair pleases me. It pleases me because it tells me that you remember my old feelings, and the scars of my own rebellion. I have won the highest position in the law, but only just begun to taste the sweets of successful toil. The highest position in society I can never. I am resolved to gain them if I live."

Mr. Sampson was not prepared, but he answered his emotion, and then spoke to the young man in a low tone.

"I saw your father this evening, Mark; and he is in deep trouble."

"Proud—and happy?" repeated the lawyer, in a low, questioning tone.

"No. Indeed he is."

Mark Wilton turned his brow upon his hand, and thought. They were not new thoughts that came to him then,—no; they were thoughts that had been with him for years, and they were not for him his blessed wife in their seasons of calm and of storm.

"And yet," he said, as though arguing with himself, "I have done all that I can. I have for all time."

"No, no," quickly interposed the old man. "He did not do that. I know he did not. He has sought you, Mark, and you will find a stake of the head. "My father bound himself to the earth, sir."

"To who?"

"To that one penny of all his property should ever go to the husband of Clara Preston. That was the vow he made, and he has kept it. And now—God knows I did not,—but it is painful to see him thus bound by his own oath."

The tears started to Mark's eyes as he spoke, and the old man saw the emotion plainly, kindly and fondly.

"My dear father—my dear husband," said the new Clara, starting from her chair, and standing before the two men. "The hour has surely come for all this to end. Let us go to him."

She seemed like one inspired. Her beautiful face radiated with a halo of glorious confidence, and from her large, lustrous eyes seemed to fall of joyful, holy light.

"O, Mark, Mark—my own dear husband, your father is waiting, and he—he—he loves you. He loved me tenderly and truly and trustingly. He would not have me leave him for a single day; and when he knew that your heart was turned towards me, he came to my home, and came to cherish and honor you. Before I become your wife he took the great bulk of his property and gave it to you. He gave it to me in this deed, safely deposited, and trusting interest upon interest by your success. He did not give it to my husband, but to my lover.

"O, Mark—my husband—he bled no more. It was your own Father who placed our hands together for the uniting of the sweet, sacred bond; and he it was who blessed us both when the union was complete. Your own Father, Mark, has been often, often beneath your roof, and your children love him fondly, and call him by the name he so proudly bears to them. O—my husband—my father!—"

The long white hair, the flowing beard, and the lanky eye-brows had dropped from the old man's head and face; and as Mark now turned towards him the veil was removed. It was his father—his own father—standing before him, with throbbing breast and outstretched arms.

* * * * * * *

"My son," said Jothan Wilton, "do you see that mountain still? I think it must be close to you. If the trial has cost you some bitter moments, be assured it has cost me no less. You were all the child that was left to me. Over two brothers older than you, and in all respects your equal in mind and intellectual endowments, had grown up and faded away. They had died and left me alone, and I had not the energy to live. As you grew to manhood I saw how I was with you. I saw how certainly you would fail if some powerful stimulant were given to your energies. I saw you leave college—I saw you admitted to the bar; and I knew that you had the material within you from which to fashion a valuable citizen; but I knew, also, that the will was wanting. You had been reared in affluence; you had the prospect of an independence before you, and hence you were in danger. You needed exertion—needed it for your life, and you did not get had not the incentive thereto; and, lacking the incentive, you would not move. You had pride enough, and sufficient power of spirit enough; and I knew if I could bring some adequate force to bear upon your slumbering energies, you might be worked.

"I fought the opportunity presented itself. When I knew that you loved Clara Preston, I went up and spoke upon the matter. I would give me. Not until I became assured that Clara had promised to be your wife did I dare to take his say sorrest; but I did so at length, and she entered into cheerfully. She had a double force, for she not only proved her devotion to you for the deception I have practiced upon you, but she was the means of bringing you to your knees. As an old man, I may be forgiven. I could not have done it in a more powerful manner. I said that I would give you one penny to her husband. I believe you because such, I made you the possessor of all that I had. I knew you would see what else I may have to give I can bestow upon your wife and children without breaking my promise.

"And now, my son, the work is done, and I feel that I have done well. Tell me—am I forgiven for the deception I have practiced?"

"And," cried Clara, "tell me, too, if I am forgiven."

How did Mark Wilton answer?

He answered as the redeemed answer. He answered with joy and thanksgiving. And from that hour he had his strength.

And what did Society say when it heard this wonderful story?

Never mind.

"BE PITIFUL."

BY AUNT CHARITY.

"Be pitiful, children, be pitiful," said dear old Aunt Lucy, "your enemy needs pity more than anybody do. Those that do wrong are worse off than those that suffer it. You'll see that, my dears, by-and-by. It is always better to pity than to hate. Remember, I tell you, children, be pitiful."

These awake of the life that's always close at hand, and yet are the last to be seen. Those who are to be poor and down-trodden but a little while to feel anything harsher than pity for those who are miserable forever and ever. Only think, the wicked, poor creatures! are but a moment to triumph over the just. We have them there, then. I never could, and you can't, my dear reader. Be pitiful.

"I know it is a hard thing to suffer all one's life from poverty, and from the imputations of injustice that everywhere on earth the poor must bear. But it is nothing in eternity! And those of those to whom the dear Saviour says, 'see that no man do ever,' 'Woe unto you, for ye have received your consolation.' Way, children, be pitiful. Remember, the rich are not to be poor as poverty, all the days of your lives, than to change places with the rich of that we.

"And this is way I pity that arrogant, rich man who so unfeelingly takes advantage of you, more than I do you. You suffer but for a little while; and, if you believe, you will go to love God and your fellow creatures) will be set free, and made so rich and so happy that you will have no wish to do with yourself to change to be poor man, in making for himself a character that will be a curse to him, and a disgrace to society and we. If you can escape out of his hands, he is one to be not required to do anything for you can help it, without yourself doing wrong; but if you are forced to do wrong, in bowing down other poor, it is your duty to do it, for then his sin exposure, and overthrow of arrogant enemy; but don't you ever lage or try to do it.

"Be kind at least, 'be pitiful,' though hunted to the death, as was our Saviour."

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

Among birds are to be found families whose decorations are inimitable by any material that we are acquainted with, be it ever so gems and metals; whose song by its mere tone moves the heart to emotions of the tenderest kind; the habits of the exact semblance that inspires the melodist. And if you go to the ornithological museum, and in their dispositions throughout the climates of the planet. The four departments of material nature, popularly styled elements, seem open and accessible to the feathered race. Earth is fire almost, or heat as hot as fire. Nor are they wanting, to promote our enjoyment, in qualities of acute perception, docility, mimicry, and, in short, memory, judgment, and moral affections—above all, parental love. What community of feeling can we enter into with a fish? we contract no sympathies with it. We have not no experience of the delights of mutual and paternal affections; brings forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands at a time; eats its own young indiscriminately, and is capable of no higher, showing no favor to either, just as they are hatched, in the most indiscriminating stage of growth: that indulges voracious appetite without fear of its prey—the fish is the only animal that the pleasures of taste; that dozes, indeed, now and then, but never seems to have any notion of restful sight's rest is, though it may be torpid for a time, it is not asleep. Of the reptile species, if it be cutlingiously constituted, of living for the respirations are six per minute; during sleep not more than four. This it is very important to know, because disordered respiration forms one very important part of veterinary surgery. In judging of this material point, "wind," gulp to a horse out of breath, opinion his respiration, and then let him rest in quiet, and his disturbed hearing at the flanks will speedily subside, if sound: if the nerves keep are diseased the breathing will require several minutes for its restoration.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. | PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY CHAS. A. PEARSON.

WE ARE SO MUCH in debt to dearly loves a recreation—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same; all the luminaries are traveling in the music of their own spheres—look on that new-risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage a glorious representative of a million lesser lights; and on dissolution of their congress—how silent, how still the heavens look! A sea of his rulers.

WHENEVER a the night that slumbers in a people's arm, but for greater and nobler that which soldier sees when they are not asleep.

To be sure the race is not always to the swiftest, nor the battle to the strong; but it is a sixty-nine times in a hundred.

If you would men utter fell to the ground and grow up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

So far from there being anything in the constitution of genius unfavorable to either ease or activity, it is framed of light, and love, and happiness.

WHENEVER a golden wedding is going on, almost every young lady would like to be in the *retiring*—or rather behind the scenes.

We have heard of men's making a hole in the ice to be baptized. They always have to break the ice before they can get started.

Some editors sit down very calmly to write, but they are not to be blamed as they have write themselves into a scorer.

If you are temperate, be temperate, you will die in time. If you are intemperate, you will probably die "in the prime."

It is presumable that the soul can live without the body, but the body could not live without the soul's worth.

We suppose a man "clothes himself with reason as with a garment," when he keeps himself warm by wearing.

These are perplexing Christians who adopt religion as a means of lighting their way to the next world, instead of divine service.

We should be cautious how we indulge a vicious indignation; it is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

He who labors for mankind without a care for himself, is the best friend mankind possesses.

If June has its foliage, January has its fireside; and the world is welcome for the beauties of both.

Gain is wiser in his library than in the street, for he has more time to meditate.

Conscience is most men is but the drool of their passions.

Greed is less grievous almost anywhere else than when it is in a woman.

There are not reformers who simply abhor the sin, but also abhor the sinner as a sinner.

Many persons are not satisfied with a mere competence—they must have a superfluity.

Man's worthy man is black-balled by those who are hardly worthy to black-ball his boots.

Don't live in the past, but learn the generally they are not worth a rush.

Some persons are probably the most ill-used of all classes of persons in the world—except wives.

Sometimes a "little learning" is a source of sorrow, misery, of love.

A SENSIBLE woman must be a very pious young fellow; he makes every day a fast day.

Don't live in the past, but learn to fill with a groan; and there is but a struggling space between the two.

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you have you are marching.

It isn't enough that men and women should be born; they must be born again, being created.

The worst kind of Shakers are those who shake their fists.

When a fat man blows, he is probably tired; but when a fat woman blows, she is probably mad.

Generally the weakest spot in a man is that which he calls his heart.

Nothing is so hard to do as nothing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A California paper states that a little girl while looking for her mother's new fit the woods, not far from Grass Valley, discovered a bear, took refuge in a hollow log, near where the cow happened to be feeding! The bear was in sight of the little girl, who screamed and killed her, but while devouring her a couple of hunters came up and killed the bear. The mother of the child was also found in the woods, and rescued unharmed.

As lows girl, seventeen years of age, who was left at home alone to look after the "little ones," in a house in the city of Brooklyn, on Wednesday, by an old she bear and a couple of well-grown cubs, leaded her escape by the back door, and, after a long run, to capture the cubs, but they were too fleet for her. Such a girl is worth her weight in gold.

A lad, about nine years of age, was run over by a horse and cart in Broadway, Brooklyn, afternoon, and had his left arm badly fractured, and was otherwise severely injured. The driver endeavored to drive a little girl was run over by a butcher's cart, in Sixth avenue, and was severely injured. Neither of the parties mentioned the carriages was arrested.

A Spaniard named Fernando Germain, a man of great strength and activity, being attacked by a bull, seized the animal by the horns, and after severely turned upon them, and dealt them such heavy blows with his fists that he soon killed the bull. At the time, one of the gang was injured so badly that it was hoped he would die.

A man named Lawrence was recently arrested by her confining victims in "a Song of wondrous beauty," and then compelling them to listen to it. Intimidated, indeed to take her into a retirement solemn to get some rest. She was committed to the Tombs without a penny-bended bail, which he had bought as a present for his wife's birthday.

A little girl about five years old, while playing with matches on her mother's premises, was fatally burned on Wednesday, and died from such heavy blows with her fists that she soon killed the bull. At the time, one of the gang was injured so badly that it was hoped he would die.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851.

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH AND LIEUT. LANGFORD.

In this number of the LEDGER we commence the great story, by Lieutenant Langford, entitled, "THE TRIAL;" or, next week's LEDGER we shall begin a new story by Mrs. Southworth, entitled, "RUDORA; OR, THE FAIRY PRINCESS."—A work of romance, and of unsurpassing interest. Rudora, the heroine, is a high-born orphan girl, of such exquisite personal beauty and such winning loveliness of mind and spirit, as to be positively irresistible. And yet this angelic creature, whose only wish is to minister to the wants of her fellow-creatures, is, by the demoniac machinations of a "Queen of the Faro Persuasion," cast complete towards Erebus the relative of a human fiend, and is thus enabled to pursue her plots undetected, brought under the ban of the criminal law, convicted and exposed to death on the charge of assembling crimes perpetrated by the arch-plotter herself. In the course of the story all the complicated and thrilling narrative, Mrs. Southworth sends all her previous efforts, and has produced a story which will be read with absorbing interest.

"THERE'S WISDOM!"

"A child's among us taught the while"—W. H. RISLEY, LL.D., and S. N. O. R., Reformer Extraordinary to the United States Times, is explaining, through that dogmatistic diary, everything connected with our domestic difficulties. Although he has only been a few weeks in the country he knows us "like a book" (he will write one when he gets back); and our domestic complications, which we do not clearly understand ourselves, are, to his acute apprehension, the simplest matters in the world. Never was there such an Oedipus, since the antithesis of his name, as this self-sufficient Risley. He knows the multiplying of every political movement that ever has been or ever will be made in this country, and can furnish the key to every sentinel journey that exists now, has existed heretofore, or under any combination of circumstances is likely to exist, among us. The imperial style in which the man writes is amazing. He evidently thinks that his utterances will be considered oracles—and his diary, smuggled through the columns of the Times, will have the force of law.

It is obviously the desire of this sententious Cockney to impress his countrymen with the idea that republicanism is a failure, and that it is so regarded in America. The South, he is quite sure, wants a king—"one of the royal race of England;" and he calls upon the ghosts of George III. and Lord North to sup their hands exultingly over this posthumous triumph of their principles among the descendants of the "rebellious" Marions, Sumpters and Pinckneys! What an amusing Cockney it is. Why does he not tell us that Prince Albert's visit to American waters has reference to the anxiety of the people of the South to have one of the "royal race" shirmish to rule over them! Perhaps he is an emissary sent over to pave the way for the reinstatement of British rule in the "revolted colonies"—who knows?

Seriously, W. H. Risseli, LL.D., is phlegmatic-green—greener than the most verdant grape which he has been regaled in South Carolina—if he believes that "an admixture of monarchical institutions on the English model," or the desire to be governed by a despot, exists in the minds of even an infinitesimal minority of the people of our State in the Union. Mr. Risseli! The Southerners have been "running mad" upon Jew! There would be no hook the fool fiend to "keep his status" among them "as gently as a king."

The ignorance of a portion of the English press, and of all the English people, is colossal, in relation to this country and its affairs, is lamentable, or we should call it criminal. Not long ago a member of the House of Commons wrote an infamous book, which he declared to be incredible, that an American general had proposed to quarter prisoners in the houses of peaceable citizens for the purpose of carrying them off to asylums! Not knowing even the name of the officer who was referred to, we formed that atrocious charge, the slanderer called him "General Bullen."

Another burning and shining light of the collective wisdom of Britain, Sydney Smith, wrote in that body that "the Republican bubble had burst." He had said that the Republicans had burst like a bomb-shell in the strongholds of European despotism, he would have been nearer the mark. The dry bones of Tyranny have been shaken to their centre with a perpetual earthquake, but the monarchies are unreasonably thankful for even the semblance of the smallest of events.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

This is the age of realities. Steam—Electricity—Science, have taken the romance out of the sails of old Romance, and beaten the Muses at their own game. "Rile-stones" and "Log-rollers" have thrown the feats of the "Flying Dutchman" into the shade; the "iron horse" is a more miraculous contrivance than the "Bronze horse" of the Arabian enchanter; and the Electro Magnetic telegraph could beat Prospero's fairest Sprite in a race around the world, allowing the latter a start of half the distance. But Poesy is not dead. The old sprites are dead, that's all. A grander order of poesy than the ancients ever dreamed of, is taking the place of their vague idealities. Berlin blog no more of Olympus. They have better sources of inspiration than "the Sacred Nine." The divinities of the Pantheon are defunct. Discovery, Invention, the disclosures of Modern Science, the wonders of Modern Art—these, and never failing Nature, are the inspirations of modern song. The "Anvil Chorus" is more sonorous than the "Chorus of the gods."

This is a blessed change. We have got out of the leading strings of the musty old Greeks and Latins, so far at least as Poesy is concerned. Pindar, Horace, Homer and Castaly are out of our new mythography, and Pegasus is scudding over the smoke of a hundred as the woolly horse. For the American Republic the type would appear to be Republic of Letters all persons of sense will be content to acknowledge that the Republic of the own, instead of a second hand one—a visible, palpable, palpable poesy, full of bold bluster and sublime truths. New materials for a glorious epic are being daily accumulated every day, and by a mind will come, capable of turning them into shape, and time will be extinct a poem that will thrill the world. Let us suggest a title for it: THE ROMANCE OF REALITY. Why not? Verily, Modern Fact is more heroic—more than the device of Ancient Fiction.

MORE WEST POINTS WANTED.

[We commend the following article to the attention of parents, patriots, teachers, and the community generally. ROBERT BONNER.—It is becoming a pretty general belief that all college should be, at least to a considerable extent, military colleges. By collegiate education we mean that every boy in the young man—not boys. The boys' military schools are good enough for them, and all that is recommended. Boys should play cricket and base ball. In a word, they should have their natural bias military companies and regiments. Happily the press seriously to the ars of defending the country. In Hall, Boston, Columbia, Amherst, Williams, Princeton, and similar institutions, military companies have been organized as military colleges.

Such a change would be very life into these venerable, and not too progressive institutions. For the last ten years the tendency has been to the exercise, the discipline, the knowledge, the training, the esprit de corps, which a military organization would give. The professors resent this idea almost as much as the students and privates. The country demands that every citizen should, henceforth and forever, be competently conversitthe into a soldier. The logic of the whole circumstances is that every boy in the military arm is as essential to the complete defence of citizens, as the commissioned officers in the fifteen.

This matter, the people, as is usually the case, are far in advance of their leaders. The failure of the Mexican war has taught them a lesson they are thinking about, from the humble letter to the inquiry he daily receives from all parts of the country—"Shall we have more of our money so good deal on this subject; and I presume that if we had a drilling man in the United States, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, the question of defence would be settled once and for all. We can get the kind of training that is best for him. At West Point they receive a free education, and this alone invests the place with an intense popularity. As West Point is now constituted, as well as the mind

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

Visby hath the noblest spoken—
"Fine will not cover her stroke;
Nature's order is unbroken;
Prayer can never help the weak."

God himself, through us exploring,
Rifts the deeps of evil darkness
With the white, swift flying lightning;
Nature feels her hands in prayer

Ere on mother slightly kneeling
By her sacerdotal mountain shrine,
Wilds the storm, through brightest evening,
Make a weary divine:

Hear her sisters voice sounding
Softly through the silent air:
Breathing wind her, breathless, bending,
Listen to her evening prayer!

Visby hath the noblest spoken—
"Fine will not renew her stroke!"
Though the order is unbroken,
Prayer can glorify the soul!

Glorify her like a vision
Famous as life's battle-glows,
Where the may behold spoken
Ladders rising from the lows!

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH

AUTHOR OF "THE MISSIONARY," "ARTHUR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Poverty, cold, want, and wretched rags,
Base sale and usury on my bread have got me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Harold and his friends had a serious subject before them at dinner—the best manner of providing for Harry.

Much as they desired it, prudence forbade the two cousins sending together. Accident at any moment might betray their secret to Sir Jasper Morrell, whose hostile feelings toward the youngest nephew had been too plainly evinced to be trifled with. Judging from the past, the baronet would not hesitate at taking very decided steps of disliking himself of the disbanding yeoman.

He had already apprenticed him to Captain Riddle.

"I to a thinkin'," said the farmer, "that, after all, the best thing will be for Master Harry to go back to his ship, to Lunnon. You's to Tom's?"

His son made no reply, probably because he had already made up his mind not to return to Lewesiana, but looked to the future to answer for him.

"It might be advisable," observed our hero, "if we could only be assured that the ruffian, who was so base taken him to sea, would not return to seek him there."

"I thought he was sailed for Indies," urged the farmer, adhering to his first idea.

"A few weeks may bring him back again," objected Tom.

"A few weeks!" repeated his father. "I thought it were longer nor that, lad; what's a thing book-learning be, but it leasnt given to all. That I'll leastment myself! Ha, ha, ha! I's done my best for thee."

"It does not appear much longer, father," exclaimed his son, in a tone of self-reproach. "Nearly a year must elapse before the ship can return."

"Ah! thee wor mistaken then!"

"No," answered Tom, his open, manly features flushing with shame, "I could have received you."

"Deceived me?"

"Yes, father."

"Me father?" demanded the old man, in a tone of mingled surprise and simplicity. "Have I been unkind to thee? Did I ever deny thee aught?"

"Never, father, never!"

"What would thee deceive me for, then?"

"Because I wish to remain for awhile, at least, in London with Harold and Harry," replied the young man; "but my heart would not let me carry out the deception."

"It be better nor thee bend, Tom," said his father, mildly; "and think God that it be so. But Lunnon be a bad place: the stony soil we've read on in Scripture—meaning Master Jasper and feyther's pride, my poor boy, has been brought to ruin in it."

"Harold and Harry will be with me," urged his son.

"And misses and I at Lewesbrae," observed the farmer, despondingly, "alone in our old age, a-living out o' Jeemmie' for thee." It could stand it; but thee mother, Tom, it would break it or 'twere long. I be good hearted when I's happy, poor I must do," he added, slowly; "for I never had the courage to say one thing to-day."

"You shall not return without me, father," exclaimed his son, grasping the old man's hand.

"The wish was as ungrateful one, but I know you will forgive me."

"God bless thee, lad!" said Mr. Mayfield, in a tone of voice that sounded rather huskily. "For thee love for thee poor old parents."

"So only from, Richard," added Tom. "I would have kept my promise, if I could. You see how it is," he added.

"It scarcely amounted to one," observed our hero. "I think, in all fairness, that if your father so frequently asserted, that the most inconsistent disobedience would be considered as duty become crimes. Let us think of it no more."

At the allusion to the curate the farmer bowed his head reverently, and murmured to himself, "that a good's wonderful forgiving spirit" was away.

He was right. At some moment of our lives, the rule and the application are certain to arrive.

"Somehow," observed the elder cousin, "must be decided upon. What is your opinion, Harry?"

"I will not quit London whilst you remain in it," replied the youth, firmly. "To my mind persecution I can submit cheerfully, but not to separation."

From his earliest years, Harry Imray had displayed extraordinary mildness, especially in moulding and pacifying. So decidedly did the vexation develop itself, that the curate frequently regretted his inability to afford his nephew the means necessary for pursuing his studies.

"He will become a great sculptor one day," the worthy man would exclaim, after gazing in admiration at some production of the orphan boy. "Genius will find its way."

Harold entertained the same opinion as his father, and determined that, since Fortune had cast them all together in London, his cousin should follow the pursuit nature appeared to have marked out for him; and for this purpose he proposed to devote the money left in the hands of Earnest Seyfield.

Young as he was, our hero felt the necessity of keeping this intention a secret from all but his friend Tom, from whom, *par parenthèse*, he had no secrets. The honest farmer would not have understood him; and Harry, from pure disinterestedness, would have opposed it.

"It is not so much the difficulty of finding a home for my cousin," observed our hero, "as in selecting one where he will be safe and happy."

"Lunnun be a sad place," observed the farmer, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Don't you think Mrs. Haycock might help us?" suggested his son.

The idea was caught at instantly—his father and friend both wondered why they had not thought of it before.

"She be a good woman," exclaimed the former, emphatically. "Misses and I both knew her afore she married out of Lincolnshire; we may trust her. She and her husband be well to do in the world. The dairy be a profitable concern. They don't indulge in a general way," he added, "and only took us for old acquaintance sake."

Fortunately, Mrs. Haycock did know of a house at the west end, where the young gentlemen, she thought, might be very comfortable, in fact, quite at home. As for the respectability, she could answer for that, it being kept by a widow, named Page, a distant connection of her good self.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Harold, delighted at the chance; "and where does Mrs. Page reside?"

"Princes street, Haymarket," replied the woman. "You have only to mention my name, and they will be quite sufficient. Besides, she knows Mr. Mayfield, she was born at Lewesbrae. You haven't forgotten Susan Jones, sir," she added, turning to the farmer.

The following day, after basking hours, our hero and his friends found their way to the residence of Mrs. Page, a bustling, active, business sort of woman, which just that mixture of worldliness and good nature in her disposition which leaves something to regret and like. Her house, no doubt, was still in the right place, but London and tenants years' experience as a lodging-house keeper had rendered the approaches latitude and hard to find. It warmed a little on recognizing the worthy farmer, and she expressed her willingness to do everything in her power to make Harry Islip, the name his lodger knew-forth was to be known, comfortable.

"A large, airy, light room," she repeated, after Harold had explained the nature of the accommodation she should require—"the very thing! Mrs. Haycock's recommendation is quite sufficient. She will know how genuily she disliked it, or she might have grow upon it was not for want of trouble—she did not do so. More than one of the service flies of Fashion, that hum around delicate ices virtue, tainting all they prey upon, had seen, admired, and marked her for a victim, but the sensual purity of her mind, and the helplessness of her brother, evidently dependent upon her exertions, had hitherto preserved her.

Perhaps, after all, there was no great merit in that, for her hours had never yet been touched. When that pleases, then is the temptation and the struggle.

Although one of the most perfectly formed beings imaginable, and singularly handsome, Tubbin Clerel, or Tilly, as the maid of all-work called him, had the misfortune to be a dwarf. At the age of sixteen he might have been taken for a child of nine or ten by common observers. Like all persons slenderly affected, the poor little fellow was exceedingly sensitive and passionate; but a word, a look from the sister he idolized, as my moments, could calm him.

Perhaps the greatest annoyance he endured arose from his inability to earn his own livelihood, except by making an exhibition of his person—a degradation from which his very soul revolted, and yet he would often speak of it when Clara was out, as a pleasant thing, for he fancied his support must press upon her slender means.

Of late weeks a low feverish hunger had consumed him, and Tubbin kept his bed. The physician, strong, despite the sickness and fear of her fiancee, his sister had insisted upon having, had ordered change of air.

Poor Clara sighed. He might as well have demanded gold dust or powdered pearls.

"Extreme quiet, then."

"Quiet, yes, she could procure him, and the affectionate girl unhesitatingly gave up her own room to his fearful, whom she watched over and tended with unsleeping, patient solicitude.

Such was the position of affairs in the house in Princes street where Harold Mansel engaged the room the dressmaker occupied on the first floor.

"I am really sorry for Clara," said the landlady, when the honest hearted lodger of the arrangement, but the session her really bore so heavily upon her. "Tubbin is a young gentleman of remarkable by my relative, Mrs. Haycock, whom I cannot disoblige; so you see it is not exactly for the money. After all," she added, "the poor little fellow is so airy, and you may use the drawing-room the greater part of the day, Mr. Mansel, as the evenings nearly belong to her."

"You are very kind," replied Clara, with a slight of emphasis. "I shall never be able to repay you for your goodness to me."

"Not a word about that," interrupted Mrs. Page. "It is not much that I have done, or can afford to do. The will is the thing."

"I am quite sure it is," observed the poor sick brother.

The well-to-do mistress of the house did not feel quite satisfied, consequently was determined her that she might have done more. The price of the room, after all, was no very serious affair, and Clara's position she had nancy in the Five per Cents.—there were such things as annuities—and only hoped to provide for.

"If I could get him into the country," said Clara, "but for a week."

"Why not, my dear, Paris?" suggested Mrs. Page.

"I have exhausted his benevolence."

"Benevolence!" repeated the landlady, in a tone of astonishment; "he never knew the meaning of the word. Look at the man. Surveilous persons would have thought him capable of any for a moral of breed. He has about as much clarity as humanity, and you might call him a Christian."

"You wrong him, indeed you wrong him," exclaimed the dressmaker; "in was kind to us, very kind, when we were children."

"And why has he ceased to be so?"

Her lodger remained silent; she could not answer that question.

"I will tell you," added the speaker. "Because he no longer feels being found out and called to account. Shall I see him for you?"

"He would be so angry."

"A dog for his anger?"

"He forbade me to mention his name to any one."

"A proof," remarked Mrs. Page, drily, "that he knows the exact value the world would set upon his acquaintance. I'll tell you what it is, Clara, if Tubbin does not get better, I here made up my mind to call upon him, whether you like it or not."

CHAPTER VIII.

The love of gold, that accursed rage
Which first began with the world's infancy,
Which neither precipice nor death hath stayed,
Which neither penitence nor fear hath cured,
Crosses steadfast foot, with wickedness and fraud,
And the unbridled lustre of the soul.
HORACE.

Being left in town, Harry Mayfield thought it no more than his duty to wait upon his landlord, a gentleman of wealth, speculative proclivities, who had represented the county in Parliament for many years. What passed at that interview need not be stated now. It is sufficient for our readers to know that, to Tom's great delight, his father informed him that he had made up his mind to prolong his stay in London a second week.

He arrived on the very eve of their proposed departure, on the morning of the day Harry was to have given them a farewell breakfast.

A second week in London with his friend Harold! The young farmer was in the seventh heaven of delight. He would have given his best dog or gun but to confide the news. No wonder that he was profuse in the expression of his gratitude.

"I am glad thee are satisfied, Tom," said the old man. "But truth be truth; and it sound entirely to pleasure Mary. It be business as well."

"Business, father! what business can you——"

"Don't be so curious, lad," interrupted Mr. Mayfield, with a smile; "thee will learn it all in good time, if it do turn out right; and, if it don't," he added, "thee had better not learn it, seein' it would only vex 'un."

His son proved no further. The disappointment of his curiosity was but a trifling price for so much happiness.

"Harold! dear Harold!" exclaimed his cousin, when he saw a stock of colors, prepared canvass, and materials for modelling, which the former had purchased and sent to his new abode. "I shall never be able to repay you for so much kindness. You will beggar yourself for me," he added.

"An excellent investment," replied our hero, smilingly.

"Investment!"

"Which we shall repay when you are a great artist, and all the world running after your productions. You will be something like the poor clerk to boast of his uncle, the rich banker, and his patronage, when he obtained a seat. You shall write your gratitude in marble."

"It be useless in my home," exclaimed the youth, warmly; "and yet, delighted as I feel at your generosity, I would rather you did not be separated from you," he added.

"Our fortunes are deeply," replied Harold, taking his hand. "The five past weeks, have taught me more than the ten years which preceded them. I have discovered," he continued, "the existence of love to which all others must succumb. The unhappy are those who struggle against it—those who endeavor to crush the impression. As well attempt to enchain the sea, evoke fire from the earth, as for will raise that indefinable. We crush both heart and brain when we dash ourselves against it."

"Harold is in love right," murmured Harry, with a sigh.

"Love!" repeated our young philosopher, gaily, "the separation is but nominal; in fact, we shall remain as at all. We can meet every evening, or nearly so. The distance is not so great from Islington to Princes street."

The speaker and Tom remained arranging the young gentleman's books and stationery, Mr. Morris's clock struck ten, when, with a hurry always his own, Harold, his head bent down, and set forth on their return home, where they found Mr. Mayfield and Mr. and Mrs. Haycock at table covered with account-books, ledgers and papers.

"Back so soon?" said the farmer, in a tone of surprise.

"Soon?" repeated his son. "Why, it has been several hours. We have stood you well fed uneasy."

"So it be," exclaimed the old man, looking at his watch; "and it be late, for the time I promise swilly in Lunnun nor in the country. I must be down in the dress in all after lunch."

"Can we assist you," demanded Harold, pointing to the books and papers.

"No, no," replied Mr. Mayfield, hastily; "I wouldn't trouble you for the world. Mrs. Haycock and pot-hooks and figgins. Cousin Haycock and I be quite at home with 'un."

And the farmer has been helping us," added the landlady, with a smile.

Long before daybreak Mr. Mayfield was up, and writing a long letter to his wife—a letter, I imagine he had ever written, which he posted himself, notwithstanding it is late.

Decidedly he must have had some very pressing affair to transact previous to quitting for London. Harry Islip had not been more than an hour in his new lodging before he was on the best of terms with every inmate of the house, except Mr. Arnold, who appeared to be a morose, disagreeable man, and who, from his habits of seclusion, was not likely to be much seen. Harold, the maid of all-work, declared it was a pleasure to wait upon the young gentlemen, and he quite won the heart of Clara Clerel by his kindness. Even after the hostile impression who still continued in that low, feverish state, which rendered her unable to remove her brother to the sick room.

"Do you think he would like me to come and read to him?" inquired Harry.

"I am sure he would, dear," replied the dressmaker, hesitatingly; "but the form of a child is so dreadful to him, that I fear he would think you are not aware——"

"Of his misfortune?" added the youth, willing to spare her the pain of pronouncing the word. "Pray, dear friend, do not fear that I will wait him that to do with my visit? You need not fear that my sympathy will be wounded by discretion."

"Thank you," said the sister, warmly. "I will speak to Tubbin first."

The next day she informed the young artist that the invalid consented to see him, and conducted him to the garret, to which he had been removed.

"You may draw back the curtain, and look at me," exclaimed the deformed, in a voice whose endeavor to express who are deformed, or whose misfortune has been unjustly visited on the price of Nature.

"Well," replied Harry, with more tact than might have been expected from his years, "I do not like the form of my friends."

He almost started when he beheld the features on the sofa. Sweet, serene as it were a countenance more beautifully expressive. Large, lustrous, black eyes, of a soft, dreamy light, shaded almost light; a lofty, well-developed forehead, shaded by a profusion of curling hair, and a finely-proportioned mouth, and teeth of the purest order, the former slightly sunken.

"Well," added the herald, "what do you think of me?"

"That you are not half so ill," answered his visitor, "as the affection of your sister has led her to suppose."

"Umph!" ejaculated Tubbin, drily.

"Fresh air," continued the speaker.

"How am I to obtain it?" interrupted the

HARRY AND TUBBIN.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

singular being; "I can too poor to hire a carriage."

"An you not strong enough to walk?" inquired Herr, tenderly.

"Walk?" repeated Tebbs, bitterly, "oh, yes, I am strong enough to walk, and be followed by the curious, gaping crowd of idlers, anxious to stare at the curiosities of humanity—rich, and be driven and by the mocking smile, the pretended pity, or worse, the vulgar derision of those to whom God has given the strength of limb and natural proportions."

"What do you come for?" he added.

"To read to you, provided you ask you, if you will permit me," said the young artist, mildly, to share with your share the task of attending to you."

"Poor Clare," murmured the dwarf, in a gentler tone. "Yes! yes! it will be a relief to her. Thank you, sir, thank you; I believe your meaning to be kindly. I will listen to you. Come when you please."

"I have brought several books with me," observed Herr, anxious to avail himself of the permission—" Alexsale," "Milton," "Shakespeare" and "Scott."

"Have you "Scott's ?"

"Yes, in my chamber."

"Fetch them. I like "Gulliver's Travels;" they almost reconcile me to Providence for making me an outcast from humanity."

"Not that work, Tebbs, not that work," exclaimed Clare, anxiously.

His visitor, who at first had deemed his solicitude a mere childish preference, understood her objection, and, opening the volume of the "Peerless Lord," commenced reading in a clear voice. The sister thanked him with a smile, and, seating herself near the window, occupied herself in arranging one of her theatrical dresses.

The next day the dwarf received his new acquaintance far more graciously, and, before a week had passed, began to look forward to his visits with impatience.

"I should like to model his head," thought Herry, "but I suppose I must not ask him yet."

Mrs. Page was one of those women who, by one a homely phrase, rarely suffer the grass to grow beneath their feet. She could do no harm, she mentally calculated, by using Mr. Pratt and explaining the position of his former protégée; and, possibly, might accomplish some good. As my into the attempt was worth the trial, she resolved upon making it without again consulting Clare or her husband.

The step was rather a singular one, considering how well she knew the character of the man—he was her ground landlord—and the little faith she placed in his charity and benevolent feelings, for which, some time or other, she had managed to obtain a reputation.

Possibly she thought that something might be extracted from his fears.

The money-lender and broker was exceedingly methodical in all habits of business. As for his private ones, we have nothing at present to say to them. When, therefore, his clerk informed him that Mrs. Page desired to speak with him, he came office to see him, he at once referred to his books, considering that the best way to pay the ground rent.

"Why, it is just due yet," he observed.

"Perhaps she wants to raise money, sir."

Mr. Pratt shook his head, as if he knew something of Mrs. Page's affairs. She was too well off for that.

"Or to sell," added the clerk.

"More her in," said his employer.

Nothing could exceed the hesitating with which Mr. Pratt listened to the statement of his visitor respecting the poverty of Clare and the illness of her brother.

"It is kind of you—very kind, indeed, to interest yourself so greatly on their account," he observed, "especially when you have so many things you ought to attend to at home—but I can do nothing for them, positively nothing. I have no money claims upon me; besides, I do not exactly approve the mode of life the girl has chosen."

"Why you appreciated her to Madame Soubin yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Page.

"I ?"

"Madame told me so."

"*Ital expressio her*, I was about to add," replied Mr. Pratt, "with the idea of her gaining a living by teaching, not exhibiting her dancing on the boards of a theatre."

"Poor little Tebbs will die unless removed into the country."

"We are all mortal," observed the money-lender. "I should think it would be a happy release."

"True," said the warm-hearted woman, "but not all ill to be taken away. Of course, I did not come to you," she continued, with tender tact, "to tell you what you could assist them. You have done a great deal already, but they must look to somebody belonging to them, able and willing to help them."

"I fear not," remarked the gentleman, dryly. "At my age, sir, I am reminded to pay it."

The living money-boy regarded her with earnestness.

"I intend, perhaps, as I have no great ambition," said his visitor, "that you would be good enough to draw up the advertisement for me?"

"Willingly."

"Thank you, sir."

"Where shall I direct it?"

The landlady of Clare and Tebbs dictated the advertisement, word for word, in the same manner as she had announced her intention, observing closely while the latter committed to paper Mr. Pratt, whose pen more than once required sharpening.

"It has staggered him," she thought.

"I must not give way," mentally quelched the gentleman. "There is his advertisement," he added, speaking aloud, and at the same time pushing it across the desk.

"If you please, Mr. Pratt, it is not finished yet."

He slowly took up the pen.

"A reward of *ten pounds* I name the sum this time," she added; "will be paid for the address of Jane Betts," who named the children.

"Who?" demanded the writer, dashing down the pen, and biting his eyes upon her with a singular expression.

"Jane Betts."

"And where, in the fiend's name, did you learn that name?"

"Clare remembers it," replied Mrs. Page, in her usually mild tones; for she saw the arrow had struck, and had no wish to irritate the wounded unnecessarily.

Mr. Pratt deliberately tore up the advertisement.

"It would be wasting your money to insert this," he observed, drily.

The landlady sneered him as drily "that she could afford it."

"Even if it succeeds," he added, slowly, "which I doubt, considering that two years elapse before their relatives can be discovered; and when discovered, ten to one but they turn out rather too poor, or too unfeeling to assist them."

"Perhaps they are unfeeling," said Mrs. Page.

"Is the boy so very ill ?"

"Very ill, Mr. Pratt."

"Do you think, if you suppose, or rather how little would be sufficient to remove him into the country?"

"Not less than twenty pounds."

"Twenty devils!" exclaimed the money-lender, furiously, "and poor Clare!"

"If ten pounds would have done it, I need not have come to you, sir," observed his visitor, not in the slightest alarmed at this sudden burst of passion. She felt that a crisis was approaching, and show wise play he might, would succeed in reaching him. "I would have given it myself instead of spending it on advertisements."

"Well! I suppose I must," he said, in a complicated bestowing upon them again. "And Mr. Tebbs's clothing—perhaps you would like to save the."

"And of a good action," added Mrs. Page.

"As you say—and do a good action—there. But you must promise me never to speak upon the subject. I have many claims upon me."

"Nobody can have stronger," observed his visitor, quietly pocketing the cheque. "Because, sir, you are a rich man. Pity we can't all afford it."

"A great pity," replied the money-lender.

"Good morning, Mr. Pratt."

"Good morning, Mrs. Page."

The kind-hearted, shrewd woman felt perfectly satisfied within the cabriolet that the little old gentleman richer than clarity she had entered from previously, and that, in the future, Clare and Tebbs lacked herself protection; whether it really might be so advisable, she soon had cause for subsequent reflection.

"If worth Mr. Pratt's while to pay twenty pounds to suppress it," she mentally argued, "it surely must be worth while for Clare's sake, my brother to make it public." Before reaching Fitzroy Square she had half made up her mind to risk it.

Mrs. Page had not left the office of her ground landlord many seconds before to rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, bade him a copy of the lease by which she held her house.

"Take it to Mr. Jones's, my lawyers," he said, when the man brought it, "and give them this letter."

He continued but one line.

"Gentlemen,—Can you find a flaw in it?

The lease was found, and the reading equally laconic.

"Dear Sir,—If you wish it.—SIMON and BURAM."

Mr. Pratt smiled gravely as he read it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PASSAGE OF THE PASA MALA.

Not many years ago, I had occasion, in an official capacity of administrator of the Sun Cotton Company, to visit Dharwar—had, indeed, to make the journey over the Cordilleras on Bombay.

I had made the trip several times before, but never in such season. It was in July, at the height of the year, of all others, the most unpropitious for a journey over the Ghaut mountains, because, as they were at this time liable to the violent storms of the season, and the roads rendered impassable by reason of the character of those forces northern of polar regions, which, during the rainy season, descend to the south.

But my business was urgent, involving very heavy pecuniary interests to my employers, and I was determined, if possible, to accomplish it. I have to encounter, I set forth accompanied by my wife, my best friend, and my child, a fine faithful spaniel, Tari, who was always permitted to join in our expeditions.

On the evening of the second day we reached the foot of the mountains, and began to ascend the ice of a huge mass of broken rocks and stones, which, in the early morning commenced our toilsome ascent of the mountain. We compiled upon Alps, rose above us, and frowned down upon us in gloomy grandeur. We heard no desire from the dangerous attempt of scaling them.

We were all four mounted on strong and surefooted mules, and, as the path was generally but a narrow ledge, and provisions for the journey, we had to ride in single file, and make the strongest nerves tremble. Anon it would descend into a deep ravine, and by a sort of ladder, or notches cut into the solid rock, we would descend the steep and crumbling rocks, that threatened at every step to hurl the mules at the feet of the males and throw us headlong into the ravine below, where we should have found our bonnets us.

The mules were brave fellows, and as they urged their animals along the frightful path, the sheets of lightning, and the crash of the thunder sangs and merry shouts, which sounded strangely among the solitary and desolate scenes, and made their eyries the screaming eagles, and brood-winged vultures.

We had reached about midway up the ascent, when the storm burst upon us in all the fury of its encampment, that almost overhung the path; it was terrific. The night was the edge of a blue sheet of immeasurable light. It was customary to halt here for sufficient time to reconnoitre the path in the advance, as it passed over one of those immense ridges which rise over the main ridge, and which would round the face of a mountain, and form a bridge, one of the sides of which dropped abruptly down into an abyss, the bottom of which no human eye had ever penetrated, and which the *Mala Pasa* God pass, over which but one animal could pass at a time, and that only of two to pass each other, would result in the certain destruction of one or the other, if not of both.

On arriving at the sheltered platform, the usual halt was made, while one of the guides was mounted, and on foot, advanced to see if my party could pass. It was a slight, agreeable breeze above. He was absent but a few moments, hardly long enough, I proved, to make a proper reconnoissance, when he returned and reported all clear. Trusting to the many and better knowledge of the locality, I ordered the men to remount, and recommenced the march.

The order of our march was as follows:—The pack mule with her bell took the lead, after her followed José, the guide, and myself, while the rear was brought up by the other two peons. Tari trotted along, sometimes in front, sometimes in rear, as best suited himself. But on this occasion he bounded away in advance of the pack mule.

On turning a sudden angle of the cliff, we found ourselves upon the dangerous ridge already described. It was tortuous, following the bending of the sides of the detached cliff, that one could see but a few rods ahead. We had just rounded the frightful point, when Tari came running back, and waking the echoes of the rocks with his loud, excited barks, every now and then looked back towards the direction from which he had come. I immediately knew, by the conduct of the intelligent animal, that there was some obstruction upon the trail, and he anxiously ordered a halt. José had already come to a stand-still, and hastened to the rear, and back towards me with a countenance expressive of the greatest consternation.

"What is it José ?" I demanded.

"Does your worship hear that bull?" said the man, while he hurriedly crossed himself, and sliding over the crupper of his mule, reached the ground.

"Yes," said I; "what of it? It's the bell of the mule-team."

"No, no, Señor! I know the voice of that bell well. It is the wether," he continued, still repeatedly crossing himself and trembling with terror; "yonder comes Juan Alcuza, with his atajo, (droves of mules,) descending the steep. I know his bell so well, and the voice of his Gemi God! Señor," he exclaimed, "I fear we are lost!"

Juan Alcuza was one of the arrieros of Don Ramon, whom I had dispatched, weeks before, to Puerto La Mar, with twenty pesos of specie, which was on account of this valuable consignment that I was myself conducting to one of the Cordilleras.

"But you do not hear the tinkle of our own leader's bell?" I asked.

"No, Señor, I understand José. "The mule has spied the puny, and halted in the pass."

"Well, then, we must go forward, because of the approaching bell, and when it had rested awhile for a few rods of the narrow pass where it suddenly ceased. The two leaders had met with a mule that refused to go, from experience knowledge of their terrible position, and halted.

The two arrieros were obliged to meet and pass the advancing party. It was indeed June, the month of the storms.

I replied to him: and stating the number of my party, pointed out the new situation, ordered him to back his animals to the nearest point of the bridge, which I knew could not be far in his rear.

"It cannot be done, Señor," he answered, with a countenance of the most perplexed anxiety, "for the mules (overshidale), and the first backing, will be in the middle of the bridge, by anywhere," he said, when the men

SEPARATED.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Life's to me a desert fearful
Since from thee I parted, tearful!
What care I for all earth's pleasures?
Or her richest, rarest treasures?
Fought link power to woe my heart
Since our souls were doomed to part.

Why do skies seem bright and fair?
Thou I build me "castle airy"?
But awake to find them crumbling—
Down the dreary abyss tumbling,
Or chase a sunshine, flecked cloud
Clouded dreams—rather—shroud!

Love I wept and long lament,
Dreaming I might clasp then yet;
Clasp did I down to death,
Bartlehim, that thou wouldst forget!
O, sweet thee safe'st haven be where
Of a blighted, hopeless morrow!

Not to me, with daughters of delight
Dwell in Cosmo's Isle,
But with frowned sighs of sadness
Evermore it rolleth on—
Thus a sceptre, flecked of sadness
To my soul ever chant and moan!

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Cato was not a fool. As we have before intimated, he had quite penetration, and his meditations were far reaching and reliable. During the day he had watched his master very narrowly, for he felt that something was going wrong. He said nothing of this—not even to Scipio—because, had he been asked why he held such suspicions, he could have given no reason for them. In fact, he did not understand them himself. They were simple impressions, influencing him almost involuntarily; but still they influenced him, and he acted therefrom. In the seeming kindness of John Glengyle he had not the least confidence. He did not trust the man at all. When he saw the baronet, in the early evening, talking to the lad, he felt that there must be mischief brewing. He could see it in the slow, suspicious step; in the slanting of the face; in the contenting of the brow; in the low mutterings; and in the swaying of the body from side to side. And the animal feel it, too, in the wary attentions of the great muscles. He should his head, and he said to himself, "Time no use to Cluk oh my good in dat ar' sun. He couldn't be good if he would to-day."

Cato saw Maggie when she came out from Hezekiah Green's. He was going up to his own chamber. But he stopped, thinking that he would speak with her. His wanted to ask about the patient; and he wanted to say something of John Glengyle. He felt that he ought to put the maiden on her guard. He saw her go down stairs with her plaider, and he thought he would wait till she came back. He waited some minutes, and as she did not return, he fancied that the baronet might have intercepted her. If it was so, he would like to know what the baronet had to say to her. Against overspring under such circumstances he had not the least prejudice; so down he went, determined to hear, if possible, what sort of a story the lad had told to his lord. He crept softly along the hall—he reached the baronet's door, and he listened there. He heard his master's step, slow and measured; but he heard no voices. Maggie was not there. He then turned towards the kitchen, thinking to see if she was in that direction. He had reached the rear door when he was sure he heard voices in the court. In the piazza, he paused, and, he rolled against the white snow, he could discern things very clearly. He saw a man, who he was sure was Louis Griswold; and he saw two other men just emerging from a small gap that stood upon shoulders. Of course it was Maggie Burns.

What should Cato do now? If he came back to call up help he might lose everything. Now that Sir John was at home, he doubted if the general and the woodmen would listen to help him. Scipio was the only one upon whom he could depend, and Scipio alone could be of little help. The case was one of dire emergency, and there was need of quick decision. There was one thing he could do, and only one. He could follow the traitor; mark their stopping-place; and then get help the best way he could. With this intent he took a cap and overcoat from the porch, and was soon upon the track of the retreating men. He brought them in sight in a few few minutes; and so he kept them until they stopped. Then he saw them take horses—one after the other—and some difficulty in keeping up; but his energy never failed, and his will was strong. Sometimes he fell in the deep snow; sometimes he slipped upon the ice; and more than once he came nigh falling with exhaustion; but he kept on with heroic fortitude, and held out to the last. He saw the party finally stop at an old hut not far from the upper bend of the Delaware-of-the-way place; and when he had seen the maiden borne in, he sank down upon a bank of snow where he watched, scarcely less. By and by one of the men came out and led the horses away; and Cato concluded that Maggie was to remain there all night.

And now what should he done? Should he venture into that hut alone? It did not strike him that he had done so far. He did not know who might be in there; and, should he be captured, his usefulness to his friends would be at an end. No—the best thing he could do would be to keep off after help; and the nearest point where he would be sure to find it was Newtown. As the distance of a mile down the river he came to a farmer's house, where he crossed the boat, and borrowed a horse. Then he reached Newtown he went direct to the house of Moses Allen, whom he knew as a good man and strong. The blacksmith recognized the negro, and came down to attend him without any question.

"What time is it?" was Cato's first question as he stepped into the entry.

"It's two o'clock, and past," replied Allen.

"Den 'twont be daylight for more'n two hours yet."

"That's so, Cato; but what in the world has happened?"

"Oh, bress de Lord, Mis Maggie am in trouble! Jam on de ground among."

"How? What danger?"

"Dey've carried her off?"

"Who's carried her off?"

"Cap'n Griswold."

"No—not Griswold. He is in prison."

"No, not. He is dere, for certin, Mas'r Allen."

"Then there's something to be done," cried the blacksmith, excitedly. "By the boot, Master Rankin will find this chilling news for his welcome home."

"Bress God! I hope we'll hab her all safe afore he comes."

"Before he comes! Why—he's already here."

"Who are here?"

"Roderic Glengyle is here! He came this very night—not four hours ago. He came in hot haste from the army."

Moses Allen was going to say more, but at this point our hero, who had been asleep in a bedroom close at hand, came out in his nightclothes. He had heard confused voices in his sleep, and, naturally enough, he had come to see what it was about. As soon as he recognized Cato he hastened forward, and soon had the negro's story. He had seen enough of danger, and he knew Cato well enough, to know that the noble servant would tell his story just as he allowed to have his own way. And so it proved. As Cato found the matter assuming gravity in listening, he rendered his account clearly and distinctly.

Roderic was fearfully moved, and more than once he was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to quell the turbulence of his rising passions. Yet, he made no reply to Cato, but spoke quite calmly, for he had heard the whole story, and he had resolved just what he would do.

"I stopped in Trenton a little while last night," he said, "and they told me there that Louis Griswold had not yet been set free; so I concluded to cross the river, and start early this morning. But we will move now. Moses Allen, will you go with me?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then hasten, and make ready. Cato, there are horses in the stable. Take a hastern, and saddle two of them. You know mine?"

"Yes."

"Then go and equalize them; and by the time you have them at the door we will be ready. Waste not a second."

Roderic Glengyle spoke and acted as though a world were in the scale, and he were about to save it. His feet were planted with firmness, and his head was held with a steadiness that spoke of finely tempered steel. In short, at that moment he could have met an army without fear.

During the cold and cheerless night Maggie Burns remained alone in the miserable apartment where she had been left. When the fire went out, and the candle burned down low, it was cold and dark enough. She did not sleep—the dread and horror of her situation would not let her do that. But when the morning dawned she had gained strength and courage. She had not yet given up hope. She looked up into the widow's face, and the light of her deep, dark eyes was not to be mistaken.

Mrs. Barns had conversed with Doctor Anson, and from him she had learned what would be the symptoms of returning consciousness. When she caught the expression of those eyes, as they were now turned upon her, the conviction flashed through her mind that the suspicious hour had come.

"Mrs. Barns," in the woman asked, in a whisper.

"Sofe, and with friends," replied Mrs. Burns, reaching over and smoothing the pale brow.

"Then leaving me?"

"I am your nurse. You have been very sick. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I do remember;" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead for some moments. "I—I—fell into the sea, and I was saved. And my father—where is he?"

At this point Scipio came to the bed. He and Cato had talked out all the arrangements, and he knew very well what was happening. He leaned down by the side of his young mistress.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

She looked up into his face, and smiled for a long time.

"Yes, I remember you," she finally said, in a sort of wandering whisper, as though her thoughts were reaching through long years of the past, and bringing them back. "I was sick. But, wait is it? Am I dreaming? Have I been in the dark all night? Is it morning?"

"You remember Arthur Glengyle?" said Mrs. Burns, in a low, cautious tone.

The woman started, and her hands were clasped in her agitation.

"O! he died!" she cried. "I remember now. He died in my arms. And—and—I—I—was his child!—my cousin! He did not die! He was not my cousin! He was my father! I am—I am my child!"

"Your Roderic?" whispered the widow, earnestly.

"Aye, my Roderic! my darling! my precious! O! did he die?" Did he die?"

The woman sprang from the bed, and then she sat down by the bed, and took one of the hands that lay upon the coverlet. She held it reflected, and she knew the work she had to do. She knew now that it was the Lady Arthur Glengyle's picture that she had seen, and that the story which Scipio had told was all true.

Mrs. Burns watched attentively, did she proceed with her task. In such, kind tones, with tears, and with the sympathy of a woman's heart, with hopeful look, and smiles of promise, did she tell the story, and she opened to the patient's mind clearly the dark story of the past.

"I will not ask you to suffer any more," she said, when she had finished. "You have suffered enough for one day. You will need all your strength to-morrow. Sleep now, and get your nerves and your mind in order. Maggie must be up and dressed by this time; and is not sorry. But you will go with us to-morrow. She must have rested well; and I shall have something to eat for you."

The widow went out into the hall, and just as she closed the door behind her she heard from some one coming up the stairs. She looked, and saw Roderic Glengyle. "Is my mother awake?" Cato was with her; but there was some one else. "Is it Maggie Burns?" Mrs. Barns's reply was affirmative.

"Then I must see her," said the young man, in a tone that was not to be disputed.

"Not now, my dear sir," said the widow, with a motherly tone. "She must have rest. She must be refreshed, and she must know the work she has to do. She knows that she is safe, and that is enough for her now."

"Does my mother know that she has regained her reason?"

"No. I have not seen him this morning. He has generally come to inquire after the patient before I have been out of my room. But I have not heard from him yet."

"Does he know of your son's escape, and of his filthering lip; "has she spoken of her son?"

"Yes. Almost the first words of her returning consciousness were of her child. And, Roderic, you have all. I have told her your story, and she thinks you are with the army."

"And so I am, and so I am. I must see her—I will know her."

After a short consultation it was arranged that they should go in together. Roderic consented to this as well as he could, and followed Mrs. Burns into the apartment. Helen Glengyle was sitting up in bed, conversing with Scipio. She raised her head as the door was opened, and she saw Mrs. Burns. But who else?

The youth moved slowly, silently forward, and when he met the warm, excited light of those dark eyes, an electric shock startled through him.

"You said me he was away," said the tortured one, casting a quick, suppleising glance upon Mrs. Burns.

"I thought he was."

"Then he has returned?" The woman put this half in the form of a question, and she trembled violently as she spoke. She caught the silent answer upon the widow's face, and then turned her head away. She heard the latter speak in a placating, and softly, prayerfully, whispered:

"Be calm, dearest one. Your son has come to break not nor pace, quaking heart. It is my Bishop Roderic!"

* * * * * * * *

Roderic Glengyle sat by the bed, with his mother's head upon his bosom; and Maggie was bending over to kiss the lady's trembling cheek, when Mrs. Barns motioned the maiden to the spirit of some pleasant drama, and when she had gone out, and when she was in the adjoining room, she heard Roderic say:

"Mother, I have returned!" The woman put this half in the form of a question, and she trembled violently as she spoke. She caught the silent answer upon the widow's face, and then turned her head away. She heard the latter speak in a placating, and softly, prayerfully, whispered:

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"Mother, my own dear mother, you are restored to me! Thank God for this! Thank God for this!"

"I care not for Louis Griswold," said the lady, in a low, tremulous tone, "but I love Maggie Burns. My persecution arises from both."

"Here I am," replied the negro, shrinking back as he spoke.

"O, you—there you are," the baronet cried, tossing his head, but he addressed, and pressed his head upon his heart, as though free were burning. "Here you are—you some wise for Heredon. Do you remember?"

"Yes, massa."

"And what became of that wise?"

"Massa Arthur—"

"Are you sure? Don't lie to me, you black rascal!"

"She did drink it, for sartin, massa."

"Then she died—she died—she died. The truth flashed upon her like a bolt of lightning.

"John Glengyle," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "you did this, and yet he is mistaken. He gave the wine to me, and I drank out of it without his knowledge. I gave it to Hezaku wine of my own, and the bottle which you left I emptied and filled with water."

"And you put it where?"

"I put it with other bottles of the same kind."

John Glengyle staggered to a chair, and sank down like one in a fit. When he looked up his face was pale as death, and upon his dark purple lips stood tiny drops of foam.

"Fiend that I am!" he cried, wringing his hands in agony, "I am dead!—dead—dead!"

"O, my God!" Maggie, raising her clasped hands above her head, "Heaven be pushed. It was poison in that bottle!—poison!—Poison meant for me!—poison!—The angels must have guided me."

"JOHN GLENGYLE!"

Hark! Whose voice was that?

"Arthur Glengyle!"

Who spoke? What voice was it, coming back from the dead? It was the voice of the dead man in his bed, and not the grave of the redeemed one.

"Do you know me?" he shrieked, starting forward, but without rising from his chair.

"Yes, Arthur Glengyle, I see you very well."

"No, no,—you do not know me! It is but the ghost of the gray brain. Don't you know me, Ormond?"

"John Glengyle, I am not mad. From the dark, terrible sleep of many years I have at length awakened. I know you very well. I could remember the story of your youth. O, and have you not suffered? Have you not? Have you enough my life, even while my poor spirit was crushed and broken?"

"Who—who sought your life? If you say I sought your life, you lie!"

Roderic Glengyle seemed as this moment like one inspired. She raised herself higher up, and her eyes flashed upon those of the man, down-cast and dark. Her dark eye burned with a fire, and as she filled her hand, it seemed to be seen that the veins were filling with warm blood. She pointed with her disengaged hand, and laid upon Roderic's shoulder, "this is my son; and now I will tell you all the story of your own crime. Listen to me, for I speak from a sure knowledge."

Maggie, quiet by the pale, that rocked by the body, and pirlly by the terrible ordeal that was thus opened to his spirit, the baronet sank back upon his pillow, and he exclaimed,

"Listen to me, John Glengyle." The lady spoke slowly and solemnly. "When I was young, and when my Roderic was almost a helpless infant, my husband, Arthur Glengyle, with bright prospects before him, started for America. He sold his estate in Scotland, and, with his large fortune all turned into money, he came for a life of happiness and usefulness in America. His brother John had been wild and reckless, and had more than once brought disgrace upon his family name; but Sir Arthur was proud of this, and he had no brother's caresses entertained, he took him along with him, hoping that in the new home to which he was going, he might reclaim him. We set sail from England—it must be twenty years ago—my husband and myself. With our child, and with the wayward brother. One dark, tempestuous night, while our ship was upon the trackless deep, Sir Arthur and I stood alone upon the quarter-deck, leaning over the rail. Our child was asleep in the cabin. As we stood there, you came up. You, John Glengyle, came up with fiendish purpose in your heart. My husband's money to the amount of many thousand pounds, was all in the cabin, and you alone, besides ourselves, knew of the fact. You, sir—you, were penniless—a pensioner upon Sir Arthur's bounty. Should you be taken suddenly away, you might claim all that wealth, and see it as you pleased. And then, sir—to that dark night, with the fiend in your heart—you watched your opportunity, and threw your brother into the ocean! Aye—you hurled him over the low rail at a moment when he was in deep thought. I saw you! I saw you! I looked even up to my poor husband, and buried me after him. O, my soul, what a deed was that! We were alone. My husband died, and I lived. You gained the wealth; you sought; but, John Glengyle, I do not believe it has made you happy."

The boss man groaned in deepest agony. He did not deny the charge—he could not. He started to his feet and begged for mercy.

"Ah, John Glengyle," spoke Lady Helen, shaking her head most sadly, "what a reckoning is this. The poison which you prepared for me has rolled back in fatal fire upon yourself. Is it not the hand of God?"

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the wretch, prostrating his hands upon his bosom, and writhing in agony. "I die! I burn! Is there no antidote? Is there no mercy? Is there no compassion? Is there no medicine that can save me?"

Roderic sprang to his feet in assistance, and together they led the raving man out. They led him to his own chamber, and on him upon his bed; and then they gave to him such medicines as they could procure. But it was of no avail. The fatal poison had too surely done its work. John Glengyle writhed in fearful agony. He begged of Roderic to forgive him, and to pray for him; and then he sunkeen sank in a spirit.

All the day John Glengyle retained his life, but not a word more. He cried for his brother Arthur; of the beautiful Lady Helen; of money, and of his deeds; and then he raved of storms and storms; and, in his wild delirium, he hurled his head upon his bed-clothes, and died like a fiend-accursed.

Evening came, and as the day faded, John Glengyle ceased from his writings—ceased when the shadows of night fell upon the earth, and he came! His race was run, and he was with his God!

* * * * * * * *

What a host of thrilling incidents had been crowded into those few hours! What a life-time of wonderful events!

The news of Cornwallis surprised on with wheeling power; but the strong, pure hearts within found the friends, and came forward from the flood.

In one short week from the time of John Glengyle's buried the Lady Helen was strong enough to walk with her friends in the sitting room; and from that time her recovery was rapid and sure. Roderic came to Newtown as often as possible to have the property of Waldvale secured to Maggie Burns, and the moment she would be turned his thoughts once more to the song of love.

"Go, my son," the fond mother said. "Go and do your duty. Then will love Maggie for what you are gone."

"Aye, Roderic," added the gentle maiden, "when you are away about her duty, go and help our struggling people to their glorious freedom, and then will I be your wife, and your loving child to your mother."

Roderic went to go—he went there was one arrangement he wished to make. When the spring-time came he would be married at Waldvale and claim a wife. Maggie could not leave the house, the mistress would not depart, and the arrangement was made.

* * * * * * * *

NOVEMBER, 1781!

A beautiful autumnal afternoon. The harvest was gathered into the granaries; the hens handsomen rest from their labors, and all nature was in a peaceful repose.

Upon the open lawn in front of the mansion of Waldvale there was a concourse of well-friends, and with them are a few who are strangers.

Lady Helen Glengyle! Yes would hardly have known her, as she stood there in the full vigor of bodily and mental health; grown beautiful in her matronly age; and made by having friends, she is finding in the evening of her days a happiness which she had not in her other years.

And Mrs. Barns—hale, hearty, and strong—with more silver in her hair, but no marks of goodness upon her face, she is the friend of all.

And Maggie—sweet, noble Maggie! O, how she has been blessed. There is some cringe in her; but it is a graceful cringe, that comes from a maiden of nineteen to a woman of three-and-twenty—they have cringed to the hearts and more lovely—only to add new gauns to her beauty and grace.

And Scipio and Cato. They have not changed the least bit.

But who are these? Who is this dark-haired boy, with his arm around the neck of a fine dog, over upon the grass? And who is this bright-eyed little girl, with her golden hair, and silvery, ringing laugh, chambers upon Cato's knees, and wont out of the latter's pocket upon the crispy knobs of his hair?

Why, that's the picture of Maggie, as she turns, over and soon, to see that all is well with them. Yes, that is Maggie's picture. And that's come to Maggie's cup; now we recognize the boy next that Heaven hath stamped upon her. She is a mother, and they are hers.

And why are these people upon the lawn? Is it a mere gala or anniversary of the period? Do they expect a visitor?

Hark—God! Heaven! Heaven coming up the broad path. See him as he springs from the saddle! Who is he?

"My Wife!—My Mother!"—My blessed, blessed children!

In a little while Maggie says:

"Roderic, come here now, and watch Peter dwells with Liberty in our land!"

"Aye, Roderic," added Glengyle, looking for a moment upon the loved ones before him, and then upon the bright sky ever overspread with it. "The enemy is conquered, Peace is declared; and our army is disbanded. We have founded a new nation upon the earth, and we have a Liberty-loving people in the hearts and strong arms, to cherish and defend the sacred institutions which we have established. Our children rise and suffering; secured by so much generous devotion and blessed by the blood of so many martyrs!"

THE END.

COLONS OR FLOWERS.—While or pale-colored flowers are said to be more agreeable to northern latitudes than in the tropics, and in Alpine situations they are of more frequent occurrence than in the plains. The meadow series of colors is somewhat within the tropics is in extreme, on the plains over the mountains. The flowers of the cystic series, especially intense blues and violets, delight in the clear skies of subtropical regions. Quite ages that vivid colors mark the hanging gardens of Upper Oregon; blue and purple, insulate plains of Upper Oregon; blue and purple, mustard; scarlet with golden yellow, wavilend; glaucous green regions in the herbage over the plains; deep saturated green in the valleys.

THE LIVING PRESENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Friends, let us right no doleful spring
That bubbles up in life's day sands,
And yet be careful what good thing
We touch with sacrilegious hands.

Our blessings should be sought, not *sheltered*,
Chastised, but watched with jealous eye;
Love is too precious to be hoarded
Save with a reverence, deep and high.

Let us shut lives, enfold the power
To scatter the increase of its sight;
We cannot bribe and buy the flower,
And have our flower, alive and bright.

Let us think less of what appears,
More of what is—for this, lord, I
Is the universe we have, and hears
That makes us live, or makes us die.

Trust beauty but, such more to prove
And know if things be what they seem;
Not risk sagacity to some grove,
And hope and hope, and dream and dream

Some days must needs be full of gloom,
Yet must we use them as we may;
Talk less about the years to come—
Live, love, and labor, now, to-day.

With our hand frederick, do with might;
Ask time for help, but stand or fall;
Each one of us, in life's great fight,
Is *of* himself, and God, were all.

AN INCURSION OF THE BRITISH.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Tell us about the war, grandpa, won't you? Papa says you had something to do with it when you were a young man."

So I had, my little dears, in a sort of a way, but not as a regular soldier. You see I was home in use leg, and for that reason I was not with the army; though I was just as anxious as the best of them to fight for my country. Well, I had a chance to do some fighting in a rather private way, and of this I will tell you something, my little dears.

At the time the war broke out, I was living on a farm in the State of Maryland, about nine miles from the village of Havre-de-Grace, on the Susquehanna. I left there quite early, as I would reach me in that out-of-the-way place; but the next year, when I began to hear of the depredations committed upon the farmers all along both sides of the Chesapeake, by crews from a British fleet which blockaded the whole bay, I mounted my horse and rode over to the different neighbors, telling them it was just as well to be prepared, for nobody could say when the plundering scoundrels might come up our way. Some thought as I did, and some said I was scared without cause; but the result was that we all agreed to arm ourselves and have a look-out, and, if the enemy should come, to repulse him if we could, and harass him at least if we could do nothing more.

It was in the spring of the year, early in May if I remember rightly, that my suspicions being awakened by the distant booming of cannon, which seemed to come from the village of Havre-de-Grace. I got up at once, caught and saddled my horse, and, arming myself with my rifle and pistol, and an old sabre, rode off in the direction of the town to learn the cause of the firing. I could see if I could be of any assistance to the inhabitants. After riding about a mile, I came upon a party of five of my neighbors, all armed and mounted like myself, and who were in the highest excited consternation as a point called the Cross Roads.

"Bob Jones," exclaimed one, as I dashed up, "I am sorry to see you have proved a true prophet, and the enemy is upon us."

"Then the British have attacked Havre-de-Grace, as I feared" said I.

"Yes," replied the speaker, whose name was Jones, and who lived about half a mile from the village, "I was awakened by the firing of cannon, and, on hurrying to a point where I could overlook the town, I saw several boats effect a landing, and capture a battery on the bank, which as the time appeared to be worked by only one man, who was driven away, firing his musket in defiance as he went. Others were making for the country in every direction, and the whole place seemed to be alive with the wildest excitement. I could do no more, so came with my son, but hurried back, mounted my horse, and rode this way to give the alarm, and am glad to have met so many of you stirring. We were just considering what is best for us to do now, and your advice will be timely."

"What is the force of the enemy?" I inquired.

"I do not know exactly, but I should judge it to be from five hundred to a thousand men."

"Three of course we can do no more than consider, and perhaps pick off a few stragglers," I replied. At all events, let us ride down and take the chances; for myself, I was never much without one shot in a load."

As the whole proposal to be so determined on myself, we dashed away at once, whipping and spurring our horses to a fast trot. After we had a mile of the place, we began to meet all sorts of fugitives—men, women, and children—all so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak. From these a few hurried questions and the astounding report that the British were sacking the town and murdering all the citizens, regardless of either sex, and wholesale age. We thought of our own defenceless families, and were ready to sink with horror. But we rode forward, with a position as near as we dared venture, and saw with our own eyes.

And terrible was the sight which we soon did see, though not quite so terrible as had been represented. The consisting of about thirty houses, was filled and overrun with hundreds of sailors and marines, who were in the so many demons let loose to work their fury. Many had surrounded the place with a strong guard, as if to have no the inhabitants and were pouring in and out of the shops, storehouses, and dwellings, bringing out the plunder in heaps wherever valuable plunder they wished to destroy the climes. Neither infancy nor old age, nor pale, terrified, imploring and shrieking women escaped their brutal violence. The latter were insulted in the grossest manner, their ears stripped from their locks, and they were struck, bent, and scourged, and driven about in chains and disgrace, like so many beasts. And how my blood boiled as I witnessed these atrocities! I and more than once was tempted to rush in among them, and sell my life for what it might be worth, if I could of these human monsters.

Shortly after this we saw smoke issuing from first one building and then another, which was soon followed by tongues of flame, and then mighty by a roaring conflagration. At this destruction of their beloved homes and property, the poor women and children rent the air with shrieks and lamentations and our fiendish foes with hellish shouts of triumph. This was enough for me—it made humanity and love look upon such a scene of brutal devastation, was not in consonance with my fiery nature—and wheeling my horse, I drove the spurs into his sides, at the same time exclaiming:

"Who will follow me to take vengeance on you cowards?"

"In a minute I looked around and found I was riding alone. Not one of my companions had followed me.

"Alone be it then!" muttered I, as I still dashed onward, riding not directly toward the village, but to gain the ascending a hill, over its ground, by which I could enter a wood, and come down upon the enemy before they had discovered.

"On entering the wood, I stopped, reprimed my gun and pistol, faced my old sabre in the best position for service, and, after offering up my prayers, commending my soul to God, began driving I had been before. Though I was fully prepared for desperate action, I again rode forward, but more slowly and cautiously, determined not to be taken by surprise, and to make the sacrifice of my life of as much value as possible in the destruction of the lives of the foe.

"As I drew near the edge of the wood, next to the burning village, I came to a road, and, to my female, followed by the most piteous imprecations for mercy and release. The answer was in great knee, with a hoarse, mocking laugh. I could not tell how many fiends there were, owing to an intervening hillock and a dense thicket; but on riding in a little way myself, I caught a view of an almost naked female, struggling in the grasp of two endless in the uniform of sailors. Neither of them saw me; and drawing up my horse alongside of a tree, I leaned my left shoulder against it to steady me, presented my rifle, and took deliberate aim at the head of the one nearest me. That I might kill or wound him was certain, still struggling in his grasp, I thought was not unlikely; but better even death than to be left to the mercy of such a wretch. My affection, and I pulled the trigger with a firm and steady hand.

"A wild shriek and a yell followed the report; and without waiting to see the result of my shot, and uncertain whether I should have one foe or two to encounter, I dashed forward with a shout. The next moment I saw the man who was standing horrified over the quivering body of the female, and making a move for the musket lying at his feet. Like a thunderbolt I bore down for him, and before he could fairly get his weapon in his hand, I was up to him, my sabre whirling about my head. He then turned, leaving the female lying in his musket in the village, not dreaming of meeting a foe there, and I had the satisfaction of finishing his wicked purpose upon a defenceless woman.

"Mercy!" he gasped, holding out holding up his hands, and I knew by his voice that he was no savage.

"Such as you give you shall have!" cried I, in fury; and down came my sabre, with a terrible swoop, and the head of the wretch rolled off.

"I then rode back to the almost distracted female, and found her to be a young girl of about eighteen years of age.

"Oh, my mother, my wife, save me!" she cried, in the most piteous tones.

"I will!" I replied.

"I hurriedly took off my coat, bade her wrap herself in it and mount behind me. In a minute she was seated, and I rode back to the wood in satisfaction at the corpse of the first ruffian, and then I rode forward, and found that I was indeed away. I carried her some half a mile, to a farmhouse, where I left her in charge of the frightened inmates, telling them I must go back to the battle-ground. Then I left the wood, and return to them in time to warn them of any threatened danger, which I did not anticipate from me, but my purpose was not to be changed.

"Having no weapons in view, I again approached the villages through the same wood just mentioned, and, from thence from the bodies of those I had slain. The same scene of devastation and cruelty met my gaze, though there seemed not to be so many victims. Whether the others had escaped, been killed, or were being held prisoners, I could not tell. Some of the houses had burned down, the roofs of others were falling in, and the drunken sailors and marines were roffing about, in search of plunder, and committing the greatest excesses wherever they could find them, maiming horses and cattle, tormenting dogs, and killing pigs, hauling home servants for more amusement, or breaking open the doors of private mansions, destroying everything they did not want, and often committing all kinds of excesses themselves. One elegant dwelling, belonging to a gentleman named, I was informed, was entirely standing and unmolested, crowded as it was with women and children, who had evidently learned that it was saved by Mrs. Rogers having been a sister of Admiral Cochrane, the barbarous commander of this piratical expedition, and pointing out to him the helplessness of his burning the house, and the disgrace of her while the latter was absent in the service of his country. What effect the appeal made to this vile man for once consented to spare, and he had ordered his boats to go on board, and, proclaiming to the conduct of an ordinary gentleman to be placed in such circumstances, I will apologize of despicable crimes.

"I was soon driven away from my concealment in the wood, I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing two more savages fall. This drew attention toward me, and a party, armed with muskets, came rushing out of the village in a volley, the balls of which I heard whistling over me and cutting the branches of the trees at my side. I reloaded, advanced a little nearer, and fired again, and then, finding that I was myself a word to fire. A yell of execution followed this, and the whole party made a charge in a body after me. I thought it time to fly, and I fled. On reaching my horse, I mounted, and rode out into the open, bobbling forward with a musket on his shoulder.

"The enemy is scouring the wood, and you are in danger!" I said. "Let me lift you up behind me, and carry you to a place of safety."

"No!" he answered, surlily, with a dark frown, "I will have no interference in my affairs! all cowards!" he muttered, as he hurried off.

"I afterward learned that this old man's name was O'Neil, and that he lived in a small house in the beach, when it was deserted by all the others, he had boldly refused to leave it, and had even shoot at the approaching barges. By a result of his pluck, he had been severely wounded in the thigh, which was the cause of his lameness. He had certainly killed two or three sailors, and had attempted to rally his companions to make a stand. He had failed in this, and was then on his way back, as he thought, to his home and his chance alone." He was soon after captured, and, as I was informed, was hung on board one of was subsequently released, and became a firm friend and ever.

"Soon after leaving O'Neil, I found a poor sick mother, with seven children around her, and crying piteously. She was nearly naked, and had crawled out there to die in peace. I helped her upon my horse, and carried her to the same farm-house where I had left the young lady, and where some twenty others had now collected, in a state of great destitution and the wildest alarm. While I was here, taking some refreshment, news was brought that the British were already on their march into the country, to destroy everything on their way. Flight was now the order of the time, and away went the females to the woods and mountains. I rode home to prepare my family for flight also; and having driven off our cattle, taken away and secreted all our most valuable things, and provided ourselves with food sufficient for several days, I conducted them, to a cave among the hills, and then went back to play my part in hanging upon the flanks of our foes, and harassing them all I could while they remained on shore. In the course of the day I was joined by a few other determined fellows, and, I assure you, the invaders had reason to long remember that little band of patriots.

"For three days the British kept the entire town possession for the purpose of plunder, basement and terror, during which they robbed the farmers, destroyed property to the amount of thousands of dollars, and inserted their whole line-of-battle with a black and smoking line of devastation for nearly sixty of surveys. I do not know how many men they certainly lost; but I do know that the loss fell by my own hand, which I love to remember with pride.

"And this is what your old grandpa remembers of the war, my little dears."

OH, GIVE ME BACK MY RUSSET GOWN.

Oh, give me back my russet gown,
My cottage by the valley side;
There's where the wild wild roses blow
Love gilded gossip, and painted pride;
Oh, give me back my russet gown.

My morning walk, my song-bird's call;
The cheerful look of welcome given
At home's dear door—the simple meal
Of health and peace, and sweet content;
I wish to heaven I'd never went.

Oh, give me back my russet gown,
I long the meadow's path to see
Where I was wont to walk at night
Long to hear the bulbuls bells
Close softly ringing in the dew's flow:
To find the help by that dwells
The Rose Bud of the village.

Oh—give me back my russet gown—
And take the velvet robes that give
A sad smooth there subject thights down
Upon the marble floor.
Oh—give me back my own green bower,
And let me hear the nightingale,
And I will leave—will bless the hour—
Oh, give me back my russet gown.

MASCULINE HOUSEKEEPING.

"What's that, my dear?—a trip into the country? Certainly—of course—go and enjoy yourself. Don't be uneasy—I'll get along well enough. Don't be uneasy—I'll get along well enough. Oh, yes, I'll do very well, you know. Needn't trouble yourself about me—guess I haven't forgotten how to take care of myself. Very well then. Two trunks, three bandboxes, and a carpet bag, the canary bird's cage, and the travelling basket. All right. Don't fret about me. Oh, no, not sure to write every other day.

"Gone, and down and down town, with as much complacency as though he were the Kleinhoffer. Well, I suppose I must. Why, what could all her spare time to keep the kettle boiling, and the fire in the grate? Yes, I will try my hand housekeeping here into his hands, and see if he can do a farmhouse. Here goes for the experiment.

In all depends on the amount of intellect you have brought to bear upon it. Now, Mrs. Jones' father hopes his wife won't hurry home. Mrs. Brown thinks that Mrs. Jones' husband is on earth is the master with my gardening fork? You can't do it to break and set. I should think you did, by the looks of it! 'Lived on toast, did you?' Yes, and on cold beefsteak, because the gravy ran out of the pan, and I couldn't unbelief with your fire? Why, I shouldn't be at all surprised to see a fire-ball in the street. 'Isn't it a frying-pan?' No, Mr. Jones, it's a gridiron. 'Gridiron, indeed! what's the use of men?' Exactly, I did suppose men had a little sense, but I see I was mistaken. Don't be so cross, I'm sure I'm doing the best I can. Don't be so cross—I'll get along well enough.

"Oh, yes, I'll get along